

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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The Death Blow of the Rebellion.

"Now let the kettle to the trumpet speak,
The trumpet to the cannoneer without,
The cannon to the heavens, the heavens to earth."

The news of the fall of Richmond has already reverberated throughout the whole wide expanse of our land, and a hundred rapid keels are carrying it to expectant nations beyond the seas. An event by no means unexpected, its realization, nevertheless, is the occasion of a joy and satisfaction equally universal and profound. Richmond, for the possession of which we have so long struggled, had become not only the symbol of the rebellion, but the centre and citadel of its strength. Within the grim circle of its fortifications, bristling with cannon, it held the head of the so-called Confederacy, its government and the flower of its

army. Its importance was forcibly but not extravagantly set forth in an article in the *Richmond Examiner* (we print a portion in another connection), in which it was spoken of as "the central point in all the plans and exertions" of the two contestants in the war, of which its capture will prove the great and final act. Its loss, it was declared, would prove not only "material ruin to the Southern cause, but in a moral point of view absolutely destructive, crushing the heart and extinguishing the last hope of the country." It is but little over a month since these ominous and momentous words were written and printed, and to-day the hand that penned them is palsied in death, the establishment in which they were printed is a heap of ashes, and Richmond has passed from under rebellious sway for ever. The Congress that for so long a period held high and

defiant debate within its walls has dissolved to meet no more, and the army that boasted its capacity to hold the city for a century, defeated, dispirited and dwindled to less than half its proportion, has fallen into the generous hand of Grant.

The head and heart of the rebellion are alike crushed—Richmond and Charleston! Mobile is the only town of importance that remains in the whole so-called "Confederacy," and we are prepared, at any moment, to hear of its surrender under the heavy persuasions of Canby's and Granger's guns. And Johnston's already beaten army, we may expect to hear that that too has been swept like chaff before Sherman, and scattered to the winds. The "Confederacy," which sprang into full armed and parricidal existence four years ago, may be considered dead, and the fourth anniversary of

the lowering the brave old flag on Sumter will witness no organised force of insurgents in the field capable for a moment of resisting the National authority. Thus much is assumed by the fall of Richmond, and the subsequent dispersion of Lee's army.

Four years! In that brief space how much has been crowded! What events of arms on sea and land! The continent has trembled under the tread of two millions of combatants, and the shores of ocean still quiver with the thunders of the most powerful navy that ever floated on its bosom. And how, over thousands of miles, the hills and valleys are furrowed with fortifications, and billow with the mounds that mark the graves of the dead! Change, not material alone, but more stupendous in its moral than in its physical aspects. The nation has been nationalised; four millions



PRESIDENT LINCOLN RIDING THROUGH RICHMOND, APRIL 4, AMID THE ENTHUSIASTIC CHEERS OF THE INHABITANTS.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, J. BECKER.

of slaves have been made freemen, and the sole irreconcilable element in our Republican organization has been purged from our Constitution. The fugitive negro who only a few years ago was dragged through Boston, and forced by Massachusetts bayonets back into bondage, to-day bears an honorable chevron in the armies of the nation, and enrolls his former companions in service for defence of the flag now happily washed, albeit in blood, of its only stain. Wondrous change, and yet how glorious! How brightly the sun shines to-day on a restored and regenerated country! How lightly to-day beats the hearts of the lovers of liberty and the friends of Republican institutions!

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N.B.—As only a few copies remain unsold, and as it will not be reprinted, orders should be sent without delay to 537 Pearl Street, N. Y.

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER, 537 Pearl Street, New York.

NEW YORK, APRIL 22, 1865.

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The End!

GEN. LEE surrendered himself and the rebel army under his command to Lieut.-Gen. Grant on the 9th of April. The terms offered by Gen. Grant, and accepted by Gen. Lee, are as follows:

"Rolls of all the officers and men to be made in duplicate, one copy to be given to an officer designated by me, the other to be retained by such officers as you may designate."

"The officers to give their individual paroles not to take arms against the Government of the United States until properly exchanged, and each company or regimental commander sign a like parole for the men of their commands."

"The arms, artillery and public property to be parked and stacked, and turned over to the officers appointed by me to receive them."

"This will not embrace the side arms of the officers, nor their private horses or baggage."

"This done, each officer and man will be allowed to return to their homes, not to be disturbed by United States authority, so long as they observe their parole and the laws in force where they may reside."

The Commander-in-Chief of the rebel forces of the South, and its only organized army worthy of the name, has yielded to the power of the United States as wielded by its Lieutenant-General. The Government has expressed its thanks to Gen. Grant and his gallant army in the following terms:

"Thanks be to Almighty God for the victory with which He has this day crowned you and the gallant armies under your command."

"The thanks of this Department, and of the Government, and of the People of the United States—their reverence and honor have been deserved—will be rendered to you and the brave and gallant officers and soldiers of your army for all time."

This is the end of the rebellion, and the aurora of Peace lights up the whole heavens. The strength of the Republic has been proved, its integrity vindicated, and it now starts out on a new career of grandeur and glory, free from the moral disease that cankered its vitals and so nearly effected its destruction. We have only room to append the initial and noble letter of Gen. Grant to the rebel commander proposing his surrender. It is worthy of the great fame of its author:

April 7, 1865.
Gen. R. E. LEE, Commanding U. S. A.
General—The result of the last week must convince you of the hopelessness of further resistance on the part of the Army of Northern Virginia in this struggle. I feel that it is so, and regard it as my duty to shift from myself the responsibility of any further effusion of blood, by asking of you the surrender of that portion of the Southern Army known as the Army of Northern Virginia.
Very respectfully, your obedient servant,
U. S. GRANT, Lieut.-Gen.

Canada.

The termination of the Reciprocity Treaty between the United States and Canada, but more particularly the termination of the convention between the United States and Great Britain, as to the naval armament on the lakes, were interpreted in England as evidences of hostility towards that country. Whereas, the true cause of the termination of the treaty consisted in the fact that it was not reciprocal, and was to us eminently disadvantageous; and the cause of the termination of the convention consisted in the fact that Canada was either unwilling or unable to maintain her position of neutrality, and permitted piratical organizations to be made within her borders to prey on American commerce in the lakes. Self-interest, the potency and legitimacy of which all must acknowledge, and the instinct of self-preservation, which none will deny, were at the bottom of both measures, and the propriety of both must extort universal consent. In fact, they have done so from the Premier of Great Britain himself, who in a recent speech, on the occasion of submitting his correspondence with the United States, was obliged to confess, that,

"After the acts of conspiracy and violence which had taken place upon the lakes, the United States were completely justified in giving notice of their intention to terminate the convention. It was not to be expected that they would submit passively to such acts of violence without taking steps to prevent their recurrence in future. With regard to the Reciprocity Treaty, the United States considered that it was no longer for their interest that the treaty should continue; but their might be circumstances which would induce the Government of the United States to desire a renewal of the treaty with certain modifications, which might be deemed advantageous and just towards the United States."

The recent decision of the Canadian courts, through which the St. Albans thieves and murderers were discharged on the ground that they were "belligerents" in the just interpretation of the term, is not one likely to advance Canadian interests in the United States. Good-neighborhood is a requisite of political as well as social organization, and applies to nations as well as individuals, and our hyperborean friends will be wise to conform to its requisitions. The wretched gasconade about fortifying Quebec or Montreal, or both, as against an attack from this side, is worthy only of children or idiots. The physical strength of Canada is poorly paralleled by that of an empty egg-shell, if it comes to a contest with this country. Yet, saying this, we are free to add, that we have never heard of a man, woman, or child (the latter might be pardoned for the folly), who desired or expected either a war with Canada or its incorporation with this country. We have enough bleak, worthless territory without taking in its hemlock and tamarack swamps and wildernesses, its ungenial soil, and repellant scenery, not to say its squalid population. Our noses are pinched blue enough, heaven knows, in winter weather in New York, without having them bitten off by below-zero imps, and rheumy-eyed frost-gods in Montreal.

"God made Scotland," timidly suggested a kilted son of Edinburgh to Dr. Johnson; after one of his tirades against Scotchmen. "Yes, sir," was the response, "and God made Scotchmen to live in it. God made hell, sir!" We do not attempt the application, and we do not want Canada.

By far the ablest of the Richmond editors was John M. Daniel, of the *Enquirer*, who was our Minister in Sardinia during the administrations of Pierce and Buchanan. He was a bold, vigorous, trenchant writer, with great command of language, and rich in historical illustrations. He died only three days before the fall of Richmond, and was thus spared the mortification of witnessing the breaking-down of that fabric of treason, of which he was one of the founders, and which owed much of its support to his prostituted talents. He did not disguise from himself that the capture of Richmond would prove the deathblow of the rebellion, and when Davis alluded to it as a possible but by no means fatal event, Daniel rebuked him with forcible and bitter words:

"Let not this fatal error be harbored till it takes root in the imagination. The evacuation of Richmond would be the loss of all respect and authority toward the Confederate Government, the disintegration of the army, and the abandonment of the scheme of an independent Southern Confederation. The war would, after that, speedily degenerate into an irregular contest, in which passion will have more to do than purpose: which would have no other object than the mere defence or present safety of those immediately persisting in it. The hope of establishing a Confederacy and securing its recognition among nations would be gone for ever. The common sense of the country, the instinct of every man and woman in the land, contradicts the idea that any possibility of an independent South would remain after its capital was abandoned, its Government set adrift, and its army withdrawn into the solitudes of the interior."

"It is idle to pretend that Richmond is of no more importance than Savannah, Atlanta, Mobile or Norfolk, and that its fall would not be fatal to the Confederacy. If it had not been a vital point, why has so much effort been expended for its reduction and defence? It has been the great objective point of the enemy through four successive campaigns. The Confederacy has spared no pains or exertions, no cost of blood or treasure, to make good its defence. It is the capital of the last of the Border States, commanding the entire portion of Virginia east of the Alleghenies, and the most important division of North Carolina. It is situated 140 miles from the sea, yet large ships can unload from its wharves. The occupation of Richmond in strong force by the enemy would necessarily drive the Confederate armies out of Virginia, and render all eastern North Carolina untenable; and, once gained by a power having command of the water, it could never, under any contingency, be recovered by the Confederacy.
"Each contest in the war has made Richmond the

central object of all its plans and all its exertions. It has become the symbol of the Confederacy. Its loss would be material ruin to the cause, and, in a moral point of view, absolutely destructive, crushing the heart and extinguishing the last hope of the country. Our armies would lose the incentive inspired by a great and worthy object of defence. Our military policy would be totally at sea; we should be without a hope or an object; without civil or military organization; without a treasury or a commissariat; without the means of keeping alive a wholesome and active public sentiment; without any of the appliances for supporting a cause depending upon the popular faith and enthusiasm; without the emblems of the semblance of authority."

"The withdrawal of the army from Richmond into the interior would so narrow the area of conscription as greatly to reduce our military strength. As the army would divide in numbers, it would move more and more rapidly westward, and before reaching the banks of the Mississippi would have degenerated into a mere bodyguard for a few officers. From the hour of giving up the seat of government our cause would sink into a mere rebellion in the estimation of foreign Powers, who would cease to accord to us the rights of belligerents; while the enemy would be free to treat our officers and soldiers as traitors and criminals; so that every 'rebel' would fight thenceforth with a halter round his neck."

The *Spirit of the Times*, edited by Mr. George Wilkes, has been characterized since the outbreak of the war by a boldness, foresight and judgment in its criticisms on public affairs that have earned for it the respect and confidence of the public, and which entitle its expressions to great weight. In a late issue is an article on the finishing up of the rebellion, and the policy to be pursued in the readjustment of the country, which merits the attention of reflecting men, especially in view of the attempts already making, on the plea of "harmonizing all sections," to reinstate the red-handed traitors who plunged the country into all the horrors of civil war, just as though their crimes were to be treated as mere venial errors of no serious import, and rather to be pitied and forgiven than punished. We subjoin an extract from the article in question:

"With the suppression of the armed force of the rebellion begin the most serious dangers of the contest. While arms were in dispute alone, no patriot who truly understood the spirit of the nation could for a moment doubt the termination of the struggle; but prompt upon the cessation of that phase, will again appear the spirit through which the strife began. We shall have artful negotiations, subtle overtures, deceptive terms, and we fear, that an over-anxious desire on the part of the President for peace, worked upon, perhaps, by truckling politicians in his train, who desire to locate themselves favorably upon the future Southern vote, may wrest the loyal people from the advantages which they have earned. We believe that treason and murder should be held amenable to punishment; and while we are ready to acquiesce in a full remission to the Southern masses who have borne arms against their country, we would extend no forgiveness to those arch leaders who have led them on, and through whose bad ambition the whole land has been mercilessly drenched with blood. We have long deplored the want of a true resentment in our press against those leaders, and also have deplored the apparent willingness which has been exhibited in all the purely political journals of the North, to general amnesty should be extended, applying not only to those leaders and their cohorts, but to the traitors who could be more ill-advised; nothing more unfortunate for the nation. Should these evil men, steeped as they are in murder to the very lips, be permitted to go free; or, what is worse, to resume the privileges of citizenship and move about among the graves which they have made unchallenged, we may have another insurrection before five years run round, and fourteen hundred millions more added to our National debt. With no penalties for treason beyond its own mere disappointment, what shall forbid the discontented from revolt? What prevent a disaffected faction from trying to reverse with bayonets its failures at the polls? Our Republican Government, so feared and hated by the empires of the earth, has proved itself equal to the strain of civil war; let it now give proof that it is also capable of the more august attribute of visiting justice upon the loftiest traitors when that war is over."

The experiment of laying an "Atlantic cable" is to be repeated within the next three months, and this time with every prospect of permanent success. The experience of the past six years will be called into requisition, and all the appliances of science and skill will be lent towards the achievement of this great and good undertaking. The "Great Eastern," the leviathan of steamers, will carry the cable which is to link together the two continents, and traverse the unknown depths of ocean. She is to sail from Valencia, Ireland, about the 1st of July, and may be expected at Trinity Bay, Newfoundland, about the middle of the same month. There were 1,663 nautical miles of the cable completed on the 21st of March, and the whole 2,300 miles were to be aboard the Great Eastern in May. Two powerful steamers of the British navy have been designated to accompany the Great Eastern to Newfoundland, and lend such aid as may be necessary. It is expected that Europe and America will be in permanent communication on or before the 1st of August, and that the initial message from President Lincoln will be that the United States, "one and indivisible" in peace at home, sends to Europe the Scriptural adjuration, "Peace on earth and good will among men." We have already dispatched a Special Artist to Europe to accompany the Great Eastern, and illustrate everything of importance connected with her mission.

AUTHOR'S fees for the performance of their works in Paris theatres during the last year amounted to \$260,000. Of this sum the Châtelet Theatre paid \$31,000, and fortunate M. Denney was the author performed nearly the entire year.

Our readers will hardly believe that the following paragraph is the opening one of the leader in the *Richmond Sentinel*, Davis's special organ, of the 1st of April:

"We are very hopeful of the campaign which is opening, and trust that we are to reap a large advantage from the operations evidently near at hand. But our people should clearly comprehend that whatever the temporary result, and though misfortune beyond what it seems in the bounds of possibility should befall us, our independence will still be in our option, and our final success will still be beyond the power of our enemies to prevent it."

A FRENCH paper, noticing the Parisian tendency to translate novels, rather than publish new ones, says:

"We lately noticed 11 papers that were publishing translations of English novels. My national pride was wounded. I prefer the bad grammar of my fellow-countrymen to the masterpieces of pernicious Albion. Let her dispatch her floating houses over Neptune's realms, laden with rascals; but let her keep her literature, which humiliates us."

Summary of the War.

VIRGINIA.

In our last we announced the occupation of Petersburg and Richmond by the Federal army. On Friday, the 20th of March, Gen. Sheridan attacked the outer lines of the rebels before Petersburg, but was repulsed after a desperate struggle; the next day the attack was renewed, and Gen. Lee's flank was turned; the result was that during the night the rebel army evacuated both cities, and retreated with all dispatch, hoping to reach Burkesville, a station 53 miles distant, and which would enable Lee to choose either Danville or Lynchburg. By forced marches, however, Gen. Sheridan reached Burkesville before the rebel chief, and compelled him to engage the 2d and 6th corps, in which battle the rebels were defeated, with great loss in men and generals.

On the 9th, after considerable correspondence commencing on the 7th, Gen. Lee formally surrendered himself and the remnant of the army of Northern Virginia.

ALABAMA.

The Federal forces have renewed their investment of Mobile—its capitulation will doubtless follow the arrival of the news of Lee's surrender. Selma has been occupied by the National troops. It was one of the few remaining rebel depots.

NORTH CAROLINA.

Latest advices from Raleigh announce its occupation by Gen. Sherman. Gen. Stoneman, advancing from East Tennessee, had cut the Danville and Greensboro railway.

NEW BOOKS, MUSIC, &c.

THE HILLIARDS AND THE BURTONS: A STORY OF TWO FAMILIES. BY HENRY KINGSELEY, author of "Ravenshoe," etc. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

Another reprinted novel of this delightful author, whose works have many fine qualities wanting to the spasmodic writings of his brother Charles. The plot here involves a conflict of the heroine's duty to a brother vs. a lover, and has already won admiration from the best English critics.

CROQUET: LAWS OF THE GAME, etc., by JOHN JACQUES. Published by A. Williams & Co., Boston, from the 18th London edition.

This is a plain and thorough explanation of the new popular game of Croquet, with all beautiful illustrations. Mailed to any address for \$1, postage free.

THE MUSICAL HOST: J. W. Fortune, 102 Centre street, N. Y.

A periodical containing a tasteful selection of popular family music, fully up to the age, and recommended to the taste by the very best paper, printing, etc.

TOWN GOSSIP.

AN, have we got you at last? It is no butterfly we have been chasing through a June garden. Unfolding finger after finger to examine our slippery and sinister prize, lo, it has the tooth of a viper, and the wing of a bat, and the thirst of a spider, and is, on the whole, such a monster as the earth never saw, and a puzzle to know what to do with. This Jefferson Davis is the autocrat who had no pity on his own subjects, his own children as he would call them. What does he deserve? Over a fair and wealthy land he has interposed the body of his ambition before the sun, and the people sat in a great darkness, and saw all things falsely or not at all. As the brooding of his evil pinions is forced back from one town after another, what do we see in them all? The child untrained, the old untended, the women festering at home while their lords are fighting, brutal black animals their healthiest society for long years, the horrible pinches of poverty brought upon many thousands of people accustomed to the habits and demands of old refinement, literature dead, the country a fallow or a grave. Do not our hearts burn within us as we read? These people, after abusing them with ridiculous tales and lies, he has systematically taxed and starved and bled, for the sole purpose of feeding and gratifying his own ambition. What inconceivable, momentous, master egotism! His chiefs, often tools of far too nice an edge and noble temper for his bad hands, having once in infatuation sold themselves to his side, have broken their golden hearts over his business, with touching fidelity to a hopeless cause. "His honor rooted in dishonor stood." Over them and their men he has had no mercy; very long after it was certain that entire defeat was inevitable he has used their precious lives as a wall behind which he has skulked and crawled away.

To these shattered armies and these hapless tribes is now owing the great-souled forgiveness of a victorious friend. We have conquered but to save. To win back the brothers who have estranged themselves from us, and who are now at our feet, is, after all, the sweetest prerogative of victory. Let the Palm Sunday which saw the surrender of the Arch Traitor's principal army be for ever green in the annals of the Republic, with the palm's blended meanings of victory and peace.

Meantime, as the poor scoured pseudo autocrat topples over towards his grave, two genuine masters and men of men have arisen, from graves that will not close, and presented themselves anew to our inspection. It is in the walks of literature that they are gliding, with the dignity of the dead, and we are all crowding around to see.

First the immortal Julius, led forward by the Gallic Emperor. This assiduous cicero, having once more lifted the lid of the old Roman urn, has collected what ashes he found there, and endeavored to blow through them the sparks of life—the "Life of Cæsar." The meaning at the bottom of the ceremony is, as everybody understands, no mere scholar's study of a great biography, but a vindication. Louis, who plays Augustus to Napoleon's Cæsar, has simply endeavored to defend the "Napoleonic Idea" by means of an allegory; and the terrible, intelligent Parisians, to whom the poor *rue* is entirely dispassionate, are speaking their minds as they may, in answering allegories, such as their late masque of a lame Roman, going about and apologizing, "I am not Cæsar, I am only a Bonaparte disguised." But the smartest hit at the Emperor's puppet comes from a frightful pamphleteer, a M. Rugeard. The blow in fact is so fine and searching that the Imperial biographer, unable to bear it, drops the pen and the manner of the author, and chases his critic with a policeman's baton (familiar weapon, and smacking of old associations!) away into Belgium.

The tract is a sketch of Augustus. Under the most exquisite fable, our satirist depicts the present condition and evident fate of France:

"Tacitus says that seven years later, at the death of Augustus, there were few citizens who had seen the Republic, still fewer who had served it; they had been carried off by the civil wars, or by proscriptions, or by assassinations, or by imprisonment, or by exile, or by

misery, or by despair; time had done the rest; there remained only a few better spirits, a few more old men; and as those who had come into the world since Aquila had been born with the image of the Emperor in their eyes (and yet saw no better), there was ground for hoping that they would be disposed to find the new state of things the best of all, since they had never seen any other. Thus the hard of Remus was contented; and all was for the best in the best of empires.

As to the taste of the thing—an Imperial author publishing, and inviting criticism and the "honest truth"—all that is summarily disposed of:

"The book of Augustus is his life elevated into an example, his ambition made innocent, his will formulated into law, it is the code of the malefactor, the bible of the assassin; and it is such a book that you wish to criticize publicly under the rule of his good pleasure. What the wretch who assassinates you makes a sermon to you upon assassination, and before finishing he asks your opinion upon his little composition—yes, your sincere opinion upon the form and spirit, your political and literary opinion; for he is an artist and a good fellow, and he wants to know your opinion on his work; and you really are going to tell him, and while his knife is on your throat you will politely converse with the executioner."

The other royal apparition is Friedrich II., "called Frederick the Great," now finally and completely galvanized into life by the voltaic Mr. Carlyle. He stands reanimated upon his six finished volumes, and the London critics are praising and contemplating. Now Carlyle is no great favorite of ours. His uncouth and wrong-headed strength is applied upon no principle, without it he the bolstering-up of some demigod as wrong as himself, and quite superior to his support. He is a sly and obstinate Caliban, barking at most things, but always falling at the feet of some truculent Trinculo or other, and beseeching him with his gibberish:

"Hast thou not dropped from Heaven?"

Carlyle can see nothing heroic in our war, since no man has arisen positively great and overbearing, like a Caesar, and grasped the quarrel in his hands. His opinions play easily into the doctrine of the author of "La Vie de César," both men worshipping bare Ability, and considering it paramount. In these half-dippant terms the Scotchman throws off the conclusion of what he had to say about the hero of the seven years' war: "I define him to myself as hitherto the Last of the Kings; when the Next will be a very long question! But it seems to me as if the Nations—probably all nations, by-and-bye, in their despair—blinded, swallowed like Jonah in such a whale's belly of things brutish, waste, abominable (for is not anarchy, or the rule of what is baser over what is nobler, the one life's misery worst complaint of all, in fact, the abomination of abominations, springing from and producing all others whatsoever?)—as if the nations universally, and England too if it hold on, may more and more bethink themselves of such a man and his function and performance, with feelings far other than are possible at present. Meanwhile, all I had to say of him is finished; that, too, it seems, was a bit of work appointed to be done. Adieu, good readers; had also, adieu!"

The extract shows the general character of Carlyle's conclusions, and indicates the peculiar mannerism of his style, which is even more Carlylish than usual in these closing chapters of his greatest work.

What with the claims of events and books upon the attention, we have had little time for the theatre. On Monday, however, we did get within the walls of Niblo's to see the performance of "King Lear," by the vast Sylvanus.

In many respects this is the greatest Lear on the stage. The following questions are asked with a mild propitiation, with extreme meekness, and without the least expectation of an answer:

Were the ancient kings of Britain given to such inarticulate snarlings? Did they provide expression for their faces by lifting one eyebrow away up into their caps and letting the other down over the cheek? Did they prolong their vowels quite so sonorously? When overthrown by mania did they row themselves with bushel baskets? Did they make a great display of muscle at the age of ninety or thereabouts? But on the other hand, were any of them poets enough to deliver passages like the curse, or the interview with Tom O'Bedlam, with the ideal majesty, tempered with human sadness, which Niblo's heard that night?

Mr. Owens gracefully retires from the stage of the Broadway Theatre on Monday and following evenings, to afford a parenthesis of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kean, who are playing an engagement of eleven nights, on the conclusion of which Owens will re-appear. During Monday last the choice of seats and private boxes was disposed of by auction. Mr. and Mrs. Kean commenced with "Henry VIII.," and "The Jealous Wife."

The ever-wise John Wood has been raising a buzz among the Olympians by her racy impersonation of Lady Gay and other favorite characters.

On Wednesday there was an immense matinee entertainment at the Academy, for the annual benefit of the Theatrical Mechanical Association, all the principal theatrical companies participating.

EPITOME OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.—The managers of the New York Inebriate Asylum have concluded, after trial, that they cannot cure a drunkard in less than a year.

While a rebel guard was patrolling near Fayetteville, N. C., a Federal negro stole up and leaped on his back, holding him a prisoner. The victim exerted himself desperately, but the negro wasn't to be thrown off his guard!

The monument to the memory of Addison O. Whitney and Luther C. Ladd of the 6th Massachusetts, who were killed when that regiment passed through Baltimore to defend the National Capital, will be dedicated with appropriate ceremonies on the 19th of April. The structure is 27½ feet high.

The new half-handkerchief style of bonnet is thus described in an exchange:

"A sort of cap to catch the hair,
Leaving the head to 'go it bare,'
A striking example of 'nothing to wear,'
Is this bonnet abomination."

Again:

"It makes a woman look brazen and bold,
Assists her in catching nothing but cold;
It is bad on the young, absurd on the old,
And deforms what it ought to deck."

A remarkable change of population is going forward in Missouri; the old secession citizens are leaving the State, not for the South, but for places in the West where they are less known, and their places are filled by emigrants from the Eastern and Central States. There is great activity in land sales, and Missouri is already feeling the impulse of freedom.

The population of Nashville is now estimated at 75,000, or more than double what it was before the rebellion.

The name of Illinois is said to have originated as follows. A party of Frenchmen set out upon an exploring expedition down the river, which they afterwards named, providing themselves with bark canoes, and being chiefly for their subsistence upon the game. They found at the confluence of the river with the Mississippi an island thickly wooded with black walnut. It was at a season of the year when the nuts were ripe, and this party of explorers, encamped upon the island, greatly enjoyed the luxury of this fruit. From this circumstance they called the island the "island of nuts"—or, in French, "Isle aux noix," which name was given to the river which they explored, and thence to the territory and State. This explanation of the word "Illinois" more fully accords with the orthography of the word, which has certainly a French termination—and the rapid pronunciation of the French "Isle aux noix" would naturally lead to the Anglicism of the term into its present shape, "Illinois."

Gov. Fenton has appointed Friday, 14th of April, as a general Thanksgiving Day for the State of New York.

Gov. Fenton has nominated Samuel Sloan, C. Pinckney, James W. Booth and Martin B. Brown, for Fire Commissioners, under the new law.

Peter Cooper writes a letter warmly approving the new Fire Department Law, and returning his thanks to the Senate and Assembly for passing it. He says: "There is nothing, in my opinion, that will so effectively aid us to bring about a good government in our city as a law that will join in one body the Police and Fire Department, and make it the dollar and cent interest of the whole body to faithfully perform their duty."

Collector Draper, in a speech in Wall street, the other day, to an immense crowd, alluding to a rebel prophecy in the early part of the war, warned the assemblage to "get from off the grass in Wall street."

The long-talked-of work on the Southern war of independence from the pen of that famous lady, "Belie Boyd," now the wife of Mr. Hardinge, living in London, is soon to be published.

In a Sunday school, the other day, while the recitation of verses of Scripture was in progress, a little lad suddenly exclaimed: "I know a verse!" He was desired to recite it, and did so, thus: "If any one attempts to haul down the American flag shoot him on the spot."

William Cullen Bryant has purchased the home-stead of Welcome and Cyrus Tillson, of Cummington, Mass., and will occupy it as a summer residence. Mr. Bryant is a native of Cummington.

Jedediah Huntington, 24, of Norwich, Ct., is the possessor of the original letter sent by Major André, of the British army, to Gen. Washington, asking that he might be shot rather than hanged.

The entire net receipts of the Philadelphia Sanitary Fair were \$1,035,098.

In Essex street, Newburyport, where there are only 14 houses, there are now living six ladies whose united ages are 503 years. They are all over 75, and the oldest, 96, is the oldest person in the city, but in good health and quite active.

The Maryland Legislature has repealed nearly all the old acts of that State, oppressive to the colored population which used to be so cruelly enforced. Among them were the laws "prohibiting meetings of negroes for religious purposes unless conducted by a white person," "prohibiting trade with free negroes," "prohibiting the navigation of vessels by negroes," and "prohibiting negroes from keeping a dog or a gun without a license."

Ciprian Rissand is worth over a million of dollars, and is the richest colored man in the United States. The colored men in New York have many rich men, among them Peter Vandyk, Robert Watson, J. M. Gloucester and Mr. Crosby, who own about \$3,000,000 in property, real estate and otherwise.

Mr. George Thompson said, in a speech at Cambridge, that "the rail-splitter had turned out better than the union-splitter."

A lawyer in a New York court, a day or two since, objected to the continuance of a case, on the ground that his witnesses came from a foreign country, and that it would be difficult again to secure their attendance. The witnesses, it appeared, were from New Jersey. Poor New Jersey! The State gets all the kicks, and the owners of the State, Camden and Amboy, get all the coppers.

Personal.—Secretary Seward, while driving out with his family, on the 5th of April, was thrown from his carriage and seriously injured.

Mrs. Lincoln left Washington on the 5th of April to join the President at City Point. She will visit Richmond with him.

Garibaldi's daughter, Teresita, has lately given birth to a son, who has been christened Lincoln, at the express wish of the great Liberator. It is supposed to be a compliment for Mr. Lincoln liberating the slaves.

Calvert Comstock, editor of the Albany *Atlas* some ten years ago, and since that joint editor and proprietor with Mr. Cassidy of the *Atlas* and *Argus*, has retired from the editorial chair and the paper, in consequence of continued ill-health.

Mrs. Oviedo (Miss Bartlett) of "Diamond Wedding" fame, is lying ill with smallpox at her residence, near Havana. When the last steamer left (March 29) she was in an extremely critical condition.

The rumored insanity of the celebrated tenor Signor Giuglini is confirmed by private letters received in this city. The unfortunate man is said to be a raving maniac, and is now the inmate of a lunatic asylum.

Gen. Grant, in a letter to his father, nearly a fortnight before the capture of Richmond, says: "We are now having fine weather (March 24), and I think we will be able to wind up matters about Richmond soon. I am anxious to have Lee hold on where he is a short time longer, so that I can get him into a position where he must lose a great portion of his army. The rebellion has lost its vitality, and if I am not much mistaken, there will be no rebel army of any great dimensions a few weeks hence."

A wealthy Tennessee widow having married the rebel Gen. Ewell, all her property was confiscated by the Federal authorities in that State. Upon the matter being brought before President Lincoln, he rescinded the decision, and restored the property to the lady.

Obituary.—Among the recent distinguished dead we have to number Sir Robert Schomburgk, who died at Berlin, Prussia, March 11. It will be remembered that, after his famous explorations in British Guiana, Sir Robert was appointed British Consul in St. Domingo, and afterwards Consul-General in Siam. He returned last year to Europe, and has passed the whole winter in Berlin, confined to his bed. In consequence of a circular issued by Dr. Barth, the African traveler, as President of the Berlin Geographical Society, his funeral was attended by a large number of scientific men. He leaves behind him a solid scientific reputation.

Hon. William C. Crain died at Herkimer, N. Y., on the 16th March, aged 67. He was Speaker of the Assembly in 1846, and the Democratic candidate for Lieutenant-Governor in 1860, and always enjoyed the confidence and friendship of the leading men of that party.

James L. Langworthy, who emigrated from Vermont to Iowa, in 1828, before the Indians had relinquished possession, died in Dubuque, a few days ago, aged 65 years. In 1839 he obtained a claim, for \$700, to most of the land upon which the city of Dubuque now stands.

John M. Daniel, the editor of the *Richmond Examiner*, died in that city on the 1st of April—the last issue of the paper as a rebel sheet.

Foreign.—The Empress Eugenie has written to the Queen of England and the Sovereigns in Europe, proposing that, without distinction of creed, all shall join at once for the purpose of effecting a suitable restoration of the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem, which is now a state of utter despoilment.

Last year England imported 893,304,726 pounds of cotton—a large increase over the amount of 1862 and 1863. About the same amount was received in Great Britain in 1865.

The importation of African negroes into Cuba has averaged from 20,000 to 30,000 per annum, and this in spite of the combined efforts of the leading commercial nations, and the claims of innocence on the part of Spain in her own behalf. Another movement is taking place in the Spanish Cortes to remedy the trouble.

The chief of the Paris branch of Rothschild's banking house has lately presented the little daughter of Prince Metternich, Austrian ambassador at Paris, with a doll, which is just as large as the child, and has furnished this gift with a princely touch. Nothing was wanting, and the most costly pieces of Paris and Alençon were to be found in whole pieces. Among other things there are mentioned 13 dozen of handkerchiefs, each of which has a value of \$100, and a necklace valued at 10,000 francs.

In 1840 the annual mortality of Paris was one person in 29; in 1863 it was only one in 40, and this great amelioration, notwithstanding an increase of inhabitants, is ascribed to improved sanitary arrangements, the extension and widening of thoroughfares, the

opening of parks and the planting of trees. Paris, with a population of 1,693,141, possesses over 5,000 acres of open ground, planted with more than 1,000,000 of trees.

A new Order, entitled "The Mexican Eagle," has been created by the Emperor Maximilian. Twelve grand crosses have been awarded to the Emperor Napoleon, the Emperors of Austria and Russia, and the Kings of Belgium, Sweden, Norway and Italy.

An English tourist has lost his life on the cone of Vesuvius; in his effort to avoid an enormous rock shot up from the crater he rolled down the declivity, and was picked up at the spot called Pellegrini, with his ribs fractured and backbone broken.

The Botanic Garden at Calcutta was so much damaged by the recent cyclone, that it will take a century to replace many of the old specimens and to make the garden what it was on the eve of the storm. The garden was of great use to the country, as by its means plants were introduced, propagated and distributed all over India.

The British lawmakers are still uneasy about American affairs, and inquiries were made in Parliament as to steps taken to protect the property of British subjects in Southern States. The answer of Mr. Layard is hesitating and muddy; all he could say was that the Washington Government said that British subjects would find no obstruction in prosecuting claims. Some members, alluding to the probability of a war with America, declared that Great Britain was worse off now than when they began the war of 1812; that America was under great obligations to England for remaining neutral in this revolution, because if England had taken part with the Confederates, she might not only have protected Canada, but put an end to the "atrocious Monroe doctrine." Lord's last rebel ram is to be a British man-of-war. The *Oesterreichische Zeitung*, of Vienna, asserts that the negotiations at Washington between the agents of the Emperor Maximilian and Mr. Seward are progressing satisfactorily. It reiterates the statement that Mr. Lincoln has promised to recognize the new empire at the termination of the present war.

News from Havana to the 29th of March, confirms the report of the defeat and death of Marshal, the French Commandant at Vera Cruz. On his return from a pillaging expedition, while in a ravine, he was attacked by about 400 Liberals, he himself killed, and about 150 of his soldiers killed and wounded. His body was not found. Some say it was cut into small pieces and thrown away, while others say that he was buried decently by the Liberals.

News from Uruguay to the middle of Feb. Montevideo was invested by a Brazilian army of 13,000 men and 20 vessels; the land defenses were strong, but those of the water side were weak; they are garri-soned by about 5,000 men. While the Government was determined upon a desperate defence, the foreign residents were in a great state of alarm, mainly through fear that the powder magazine might be exploded, which would be certain to destroy nearly the entire city. The Paraguayans had taken the town of Miranda, dispersing the Brazilian garrison.

At Vienna, a whistler named Piccolini is whistling his way to public favor. A correspondent writes that "he is a man of middle height and an elegant exterior. He whistled, with accompaniment of pianoforte, the serenade of Schubert, and the cavatina of Costa. Dina from 'Norma.' He whistled double notes with great distinctness, and his shake was ir-reproachable; the sound is of the most agreeable quality, as well as in the medium as in the highest part of the register. His intonation was never at fault, and one might be led to suppose that he was listening now to the song of the nightingale, now to the full and sonorous voice of the quail, and anon to the trill of the lark, as it soars into the higher regions of the empyrean. The success of the whistler was emphatic."

A book on Vagabonds, by M. Mario Proth, has been published in Paris. The first vagabond mentioned in the book is the Wandering Jew. Humboldt is included as a scientific vagabond.

Napoleon has paid the Imperial printing office 11,700 francs for reviews and corrections of the first volume of his "Cesar."

When copies of the Emperor Napoleon's recent speech reached the prisoners, a most curious scene took place at the Debtors' Prison at Clichy. The passage relating to the bill proposed by the Emperor for the abolition of imprisonment for debt created so much enthusiasm among the inmates that a spontaneous illumination of every window of the house started the jailors, who vainly remonstrated against this demonstration.

There has been an excitement in Florence about a reported treasure hidden in the walls of the famous Riccardi palace, an edifice erected in 1470. The walls were explored and researched beneath the pavements of the immense vaults of the palace, but not only no treasure was discovered, but no sign of any place where it could possibly be hidden.

Since 1860 no less than 7,000 brigands have been killed, wounded or captured in Italy.

A Paris paper gives some curious particulars of the idiosyncrasies of certain artists. Patti, for instance, is said to be always drinking beer; Mario smokes till he drives the impresario into a frenzy; Borghi-Mamo comes off from an interview with her royal lover, and immediately recruits herself with snuff. Talma used to shake his valet for five minutes, so as to get up a "wild air" before he went on and told the audience that he had seen the ghost of his departed father.

The immense country of Central Asia, extending from the sea of Aral to Lake Yesickul, has been formed into Russian provinces, under the title of Russian Turkistan.

Chit-Chat.—The last sensation in Paris is the death of the Duke de Morny, half-brother to Louis Napoleon, and between whom great affection existed. The *London Court Journal* is assured that the Duchess de Morny, in the excess of her grief at her loss, had her beautiful hair shaved off her head. It is stated that the duke's brain weighed 1,522 grammes, being 232 grammes above the average weight. The statement that he has left memoirs to be published 10 years hence suggests the curious remark that this year, 1865, is the last of the term of 20 years fixed by Talleyrand for the publication of his reminiscences.

The *Quarterly Review* denies that Boston is the hub of the Universe, claiming that position for Great Britain.

THE THREE WISHES.

The eastern origin of this tale seems evident; had it been originally composed in a nothern land, it is probable that the king would have been represented as dethroned by means of bribes obtained from his own treasury. In an eastern country the story-teller who invented such a just termination of his narrative would, most likely, have experienced the fate intended for his hero, as a warning to others how they suggested such treasonable ideas. Herr Simrock, however, says it is a German tale; but it may have had its origin in the east for all that. Nothing is more difficult indeed than to trace a popular tale to its source; Cinderella, for example, belongs to nearly all nations; even among the Chinese, a people so different to all European nations, there is a popular story which reads almost exactly like it. Here is the tale of the Three Wishes.

There was once a wise emperor who made a law, that to every stranger who came to his court a fried fish should be served. The servants were directed to take notice, if when the stranger had eaten the fish to the bone on one side, he turned

it over and began on the other side. If he did, he was to be immediately seized, and on the third day thereafter he was to be put to death. But, by a stretch of imperial clemency, the culprit was permitted to utter one wish each day, which the emperor pledged himself to grant, provided it was not to spare his life. Many had already perished in consequence of this edict, when, one day, a count and his young son presented themselves at court. The fish was served as usual, and when the count had removed all the fish from one side, he turned it over, and was about to commence on the other, when he was suddenly seized and thrown into prison, and was told of his approaching doom. Sorrow-stricken, the count's young son besought the emperor to allow him to die in the room of his father; a favor which the monarch was pleased to accord him. The count was accordingly released from prison, and his son was thrown into the cell in his stead. As soon as this had been done, the young man said to his jailers:

"You know I have the right to make three demands before I die; go and tell the emperor to send me his daughter and a priest to marry us."

The first demand was not much to the emperor's taste, nevertheless he felt bound to keep his word, and he therefore complied with the request, to which the princess had no kind of objection. This occurred in the times when kings kept their treasures in a cave, or in a tower set apart for the purpose, like the Emperor of Morocco in these days; and on the second day of his imprisonment the young man demanded the king's treasures. If his first demand was a bold one, the second was not less so; still, an emperor's word is sacred, and having made the promise, he was forced to keep it; and the treasures of gold and silver and jewels were placed at the prisoner's disposal. On getting possession of them, he distributed them profusely among his courtiers, and soon he had made a host of friends by his liberality.

The emperor began now to feel exceedingly uncomfortable. Unable to sleep, he rose early on the third morning and went, with fear in his heart, to the prison to hear what the third wish was to be.

"Now," said he to his prisoner, "tell me what your third demand is, that it may be granted at once, and you may be hung out of hand, for I am tired of your demands."

"Sire," answered his prisoner, "I have but one more favor to request of your majesty, which, when you have granted, I shall die content. It is merely that you will cause the eyes of those who saw my father turn the fish over to be put out."

"Very good," replied the emperor, "your demand is but natural, and springs from a good heart. Let the chamberlain be seized," he continued, turning to his guards.

"I, sire!" cried the chamberlain; "I did not see anything—it was the steward."

"Let the steward be seized then," said the king.

But the steward protested with tears in his eyes, that he had not witnessed anything of what had been reported, and said it was the butler. The butler declared he had seen nothing of the matter, and that it must have been one of the valets. But they protested that they were utterly ignorant of what had been charged against the count; in short, it turned out that nobody could be found who had seen the count commit the offence, upon which the princess said:

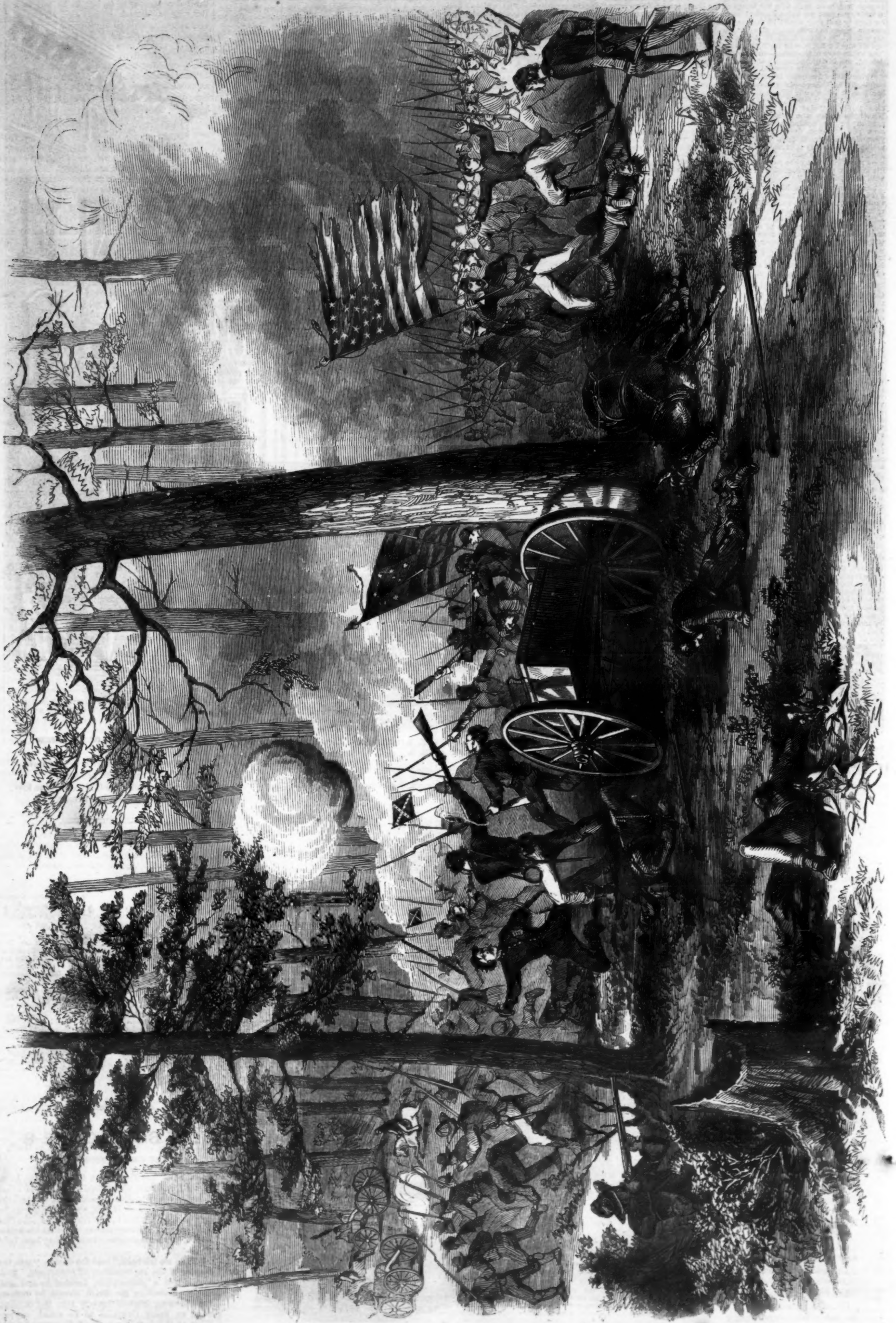
"I appeal to you, my father, as to another Solomon. If nobody saw the offence committed, the count cannot be guilty, and my husband is innocent."

The emperor frowned, and forthwith the courtiers began to murmur; then he smiled, and immediately their visages became radiant.

"Let it be so," said his majesty; "let him live, though I have put many a man to death for a lighter offence than his. But if he is not hung, he is married. Justice has been done."

MOST REMARKABLE CASE.—A most singular accident occurred in the year 1831, and which at the time created great sensation. On the 26th of February of that year, a man, named John Taylor, aged 20, a native of Prussia, was at work as a sailor on board the brig *Jane*, of Scarborough, then in the London Docks, and while guiding the iron pivot of the tressail-mast into the mainboom, the tackle broke, and the mast, which was 39 feet long and 600 pounds weight, descended upon Taylor. The iron pivot tore off half his scalp, which fell over his face, then, striking his lower jaw, broke it and knocked him down; lastly, piercing his chest obliquely, came out in the lower part of his back, and fixed in the deck. When thus transfixed and otherwise injured, the man subsequently stated that he felt no pain. "I was in heaven," said he; nor was he at all inconvenienced during the withdrawal of the mast from his body by his fellow-seamen, but immediately afterwards experienced "unutterable agony," and at each act of inspiration the air rushed out from the wound in his chest, proving thereby that the lung was injured. He was carried to the London Hospital, where he so far recovered in five months from the effects of his severe injuries as to be able to walk a distance of some miles. He ultimately returned to his duty as a sailor, and has ever since, during a period of twenty-seven years, enjoyed, without interruption, the most excellent health.

LORD MACAULAY'S celebrated and most hack-nayed image of the traveller from New Zealand standing on a broken arch of London Bridge to sketch the ruins of St. Paul's (and which was first used by the essayist—for he employed it more than once—in a review of Rankin's "History of the Popes," written in 1824), was derived, in the main, from Volney's "Ruins of Ancient Empires," and it is also to be found in a letter of Horace Walpole to Mason (November, 1774), in Kirkc White's poem on "Time," and in Shelley's parody on "Peter Bell." How many, there who are aware of the phrase, "The schoolmaster abroad," was aware that the phrase, "Let the soldier be abroad if he will," said the orator, "he can do nothing in this age. There is another personage—a personage less imposing in the eyes of some, perhaps insignificant. The schoolmaster is abroad, and I trust to him, armed with his primer, against the soldier in full military array." Lord Russell's exclamation, "Rest, and be thankful!" which he avowedly repeated from the inscription on a seat at the head of Gloucester, is to be found in one of Wordsworth's sonnets.



BATTLE AT BENTONVILLE, N. C.—MAJOR-GEN. MOWER, COMMANDING 1st DIVISION, 17th CORPS, TURNING THE REBEL LEFT HALF A MILE FROM BENTONVILLE, MARCH 20.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, J. E. TAYLOR.



ENTHUSIASM IN NEW YORK CITY ON RECEIPT OF NEWS OF THE FALL OF RICHMOND—SPEECH OF HON. L. R. CHITTENDEN, LATE REGISTRAR OF THE TREASURY, FROM THE PORTICO OF THE CUSTOM-HOUSE, APRIL 8.

IT IS NOT ON THE BATTLEFIELD.

It is not on the battlefield
That I would wish to die,
Nor is it on a broken shield
I'd breathe my parting sigh;

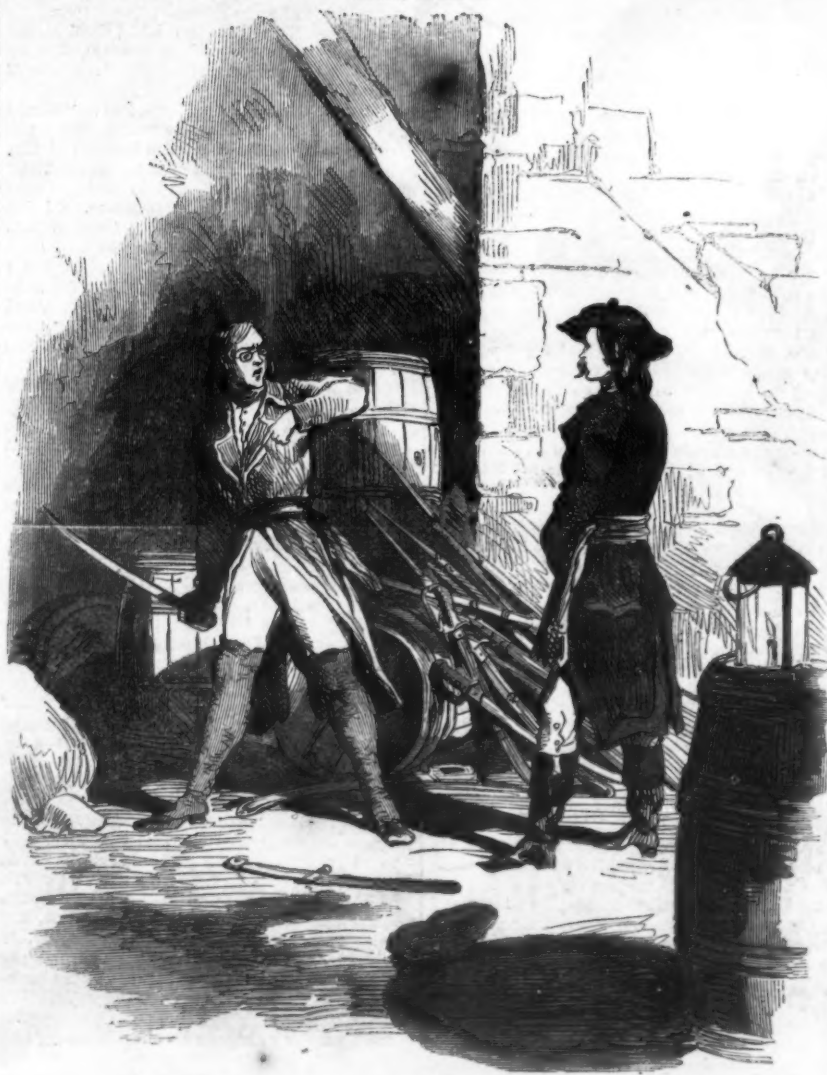


Although a soldier knows not how
To dread a soldier's doom,
I ask no laurels for my brow,
No trophy for my tomb.

It is not that I scorn the wreath
A soldier proudly wears,
It is not that I fear the death
A soldier bravely dares;
When slaughtered comrades round me

I'd be the last to yield,
And yet I would not wish to die
Upon the battlefield.

When faint and bleeding in the fray,
Oh, still let me retain
Enough of life to crawl away,
To that sweet vale again;



WILHELM CHALLENGES HIS BROTHER-IN-LAW TO MORTAL COMBAT.

For like the wounded, weary dove,
That flutters to her nest,
I fain would reach my own true love,
And die upon her breast.



DEATH OF DESROCHES.

DESROCHES.

BY GERARD DE NERVAL.

"Nobody has known the history of the Lieutenant Desroches, who caused himself to be killed last year at the battle of Hambergen, two months after his marriage. If this was really a suicide, may God pardon him! But certainly he who dies defending his country merits not that his action be called by such a name, whatever may have been his design."

"Then we fall back," said the doctor, "into the chapter of the capitulations of conscience. Desroches was a philosopher, decided to quit life. He was unwilling his death should be useless, and throwing himself bravely into the combat, killed as many Germans as he could, saying, 'This is the best I can do—I die content;' and crying, 'Vive l'Empereur!' received the sabre cut

which struck him down. Ten soldiers of his company will attest it."

"But this was not any the less a suicide," replied Arthur. "Nevertheless, I think it would have been wrong to deny him Christian burial."

"In this way you would wound the devotion of Curtius himself. This young Roman was possibly ruined by play, unhappy in love, weary of life, who knows? But certainly it is beautiful, while intending to quit this world, to render one's death useful to others. And therefore this cannot be called a suicide, for a suicide is nothing but an act of the supremest egotism, and for this very reason is branded among men. Of what are you thinking, Arthur?"

"I am thinking of what you said just now, that Desroches, before dying, killed as many Germans as possible."

"Well?"

"These brave people have gone to give a sad testimony of the beautiful death of the lieutenant; permit me to say that this was a homicide as well as a suicide."

"Eh! Who could think thus? The Germans are our enemies."

"But are there any for a man resolved to die?"

At such a moment all instinct of nationality is effaced, and I suspect one thinks of no country but the other world, and of no emperor except God. But the abbé listens to us without saying anything, and, nevertheless, I hope he agrees with me. Come, abbé, tell us your opinion, and strive to place us in accord. This is an abundant source of controversy, and the history of Desroches—or rather what the doctor and I believe we know of it—would appear not less dark than the profound reasonings that have arisen between us."

"Yes," said the doctor, "Desroches, as is supposed, was very much affected by his last wound, which so much disfigured him, and possibly he surprised some grimace or heard some satire on the part of his now wife. The philosophers are sensitive. At any rate, he is dead, and voluntarily."

"Voluntarily, since you will have it so. But call not by the name of suicide the death one meets in battle; you would add a misunderstanding in words to that you possibly make in thought. One dies in battle because one meets there something which kills; not every one dies, however, who wishes to."

"No. Do you call this fatality?"

"It is my turn," interrupted the abbé, who had collected himself during this discussion. "You will, perhaps, think it strange that I combat your paradoxes or suppositions—"

"Well, well! speak at once; you know more of the matter than we, assuredly. You have lived at Bitché for a long time; they say Desroches knew you, and perhaps in confession he avowed to you—"

"In that case I would be obliged to keep silent. But nothing of the kind happened, unfortunately, although the death of Desroches was a Christian one, believe me; and I am going to recount to you the causes and circumstances of it, in order that you may perceive this was an honest man as well as a good soldier, who died at a proper time for humanity and himself, and in accordance with the will of God."

Desroches joined his regiment at the age of fourteen years, at the time when the greater part of the men having been killed on the frontier, our republican army was recruited from boys. Feeble in body, slender as a young girl, and pale, his comrades suffered to see him carrying a musket, beneath which his shoulder bent. You have perhaps heard say they obtained from the captain permission to shorten it by half a foot. Thus, better suited to his strength, his musket did marvels in the battles of Flanders. Later, Desroches was ordered hereto Hageneau, where we—that is, where you have been carrying on the war for so long. At the time of which I am about to speak to you Desroches was in the flower of his age, and served to distinguish the regiment much better than its number or flag, for he was nearly the only one who had survived while it had been twice renewed, and he had, finally, just been named lieutenant when, at Berghem, twenty-seven months ago, while commanding a bayonet charge, he received a cut across his entire face from a Prussian sabre. The wound was frightful. The ambulance surgeons, who had often rallied him, virgin still of a scratch after thirty combats, looked very grave when he was brought before them. If he recover, they said, the poor fellow will become helpless or an idiot.

The lieutenant was sent to Metz, to get well. The litter had gone many leagues without his knowing it. Placed in a good bed, and watched with care, it required five or six months before he could sit up, and a hundred days still ere he could open his one remaining eye or distinguish anything. Tonics were soon ordered, the sunlight, exercise, and, finally, one morning, supported by two comrades, he walked, tottering and very giddy, towards the Quai St. Vincent, which nearly touched the military hospital, where they caused him to sit down in the sunlight, beneath the trees of the public garden. The poor fellow believed he saw the day for the first time. By dint of walking thus, he could soon go alone, and each morning he seated himself on a bench at the same place on the esplanade, his head buried in a mass of black taffeta, beneath which could scarce be seen any of his face, and on his way, when encountering other promenaders, he was sure of a respectful salute from the men and a gesture of profound commiseration from the women, which, however, consoled him but little.

Once seated, he forgot his misfortune, while thinking only of his good luck in surviving such a shock, and of the pleasure he experienced in discovering in what sort of place he was. Before him the old citadel, ruined beneath Louis XVI. spread out its lowered ramparts; overhead, the trees in flower cast a thick shade; at his feet, in the valley, which was unfolded beneath the

esplanade, the meadows of St. Symphorien, which the Moselle, overflowing its banks, vivifies, and which grow green between its two arms; and then a little oasis, the Isle of Saulcy, sown with shadows and thatched cottages; finally, the falls of the Moselle and its white foam, its windings glittering in the sunlight, and at last, finishing the landscape, the chain of the Vosges, blue and like thin vapor in the broad day. Such was the spectacle he admired, always more at the thought that there was his country, not the conquered land, but the province truly French, while the beauty of these rich new departments, where he had been making war, was but fugitive and uncertain, like the woman admired to-day, to-morrow no longer remembered.

It was on the first day of June, the heat was great, and the favorite seat of Desroches being well shaded, two women came and sat down near the wounded man. He bowed to them quietly, and continued to contemplate the horizon, but his condition inspired so much interest, the two women could not refrain from questioning and pitying him.

One of them, quite aged, was the aunt of the other, who was called Emilie, and whose occupation was to embroider ornaments of gold on silk or velvet. Desroches questioned in his turn, and the aunt apprised him that the young girl had quitted Hageneau in order to keep her company, that her embroidery was for the churches, and that long since she had lost all her other relatives.

The next day the bench was occupied as before, and at the end of a week there was a treaty of alliance between the three proprietors of this favorite bench; and Desroches, feeble as he was, humiliated by the attentions the young girl lavished on him, as on some inoffensive old man, Desroches felt himself in good spirits, disposed to jest, and more ready to rejoice than he sorry at his unexpected good fortune.

Then, on his return to the hospital, he remembered his frightful wound, this scarecrow at which he had often internally groaned, but which habit and his convalescence had long since rendered to him less deplorable.

It is certain Desroches had not yet been able either to remove the useless dressing of his wound nor to look at himself in a mirror. From this day such an idea made him tremble more than ever. Nevertheless, he ventured to withdraw a corner of the protecting taffeta, and found beneath a cicatrix still somewhat red, but which had nothing very repulsive. Following up his inspection, he discovered the different parts of his face were properly knitted together, and that his eye remained clear and healthful. Some bits of the eyebrow were wanting, but that was a small affair. The oblique furrow which descended from the forehead across the cheek to the ear, this was—ah, well! this was a sabre-cut received at the attack on the lines of Berghem, and nothing is more beautiful—the songs have often enough said so.

Desroches was astonished to find himself again presentable. He placed very adroitly the hair on the wounded side, which had grown gray, beneath the abundant black hair on the left side, extending his moustache as far as possible over the line of the cicatrix, and having put on his new uniform, he went the next day to the esplanade with somewhat of a triumphant air.

In fact, so well had he dressed and adorned himself, his sword hung so gracefully by his side, and he wore his bearskin chapeau so martially inclined in front, that nobody recognised him in the short passage from the hospital to the garden. He arrived first at the bench beneath the trees, and sat down apparently as usual, but in reality much more troubled and more pale, despite the approbation of his mirror.

The two ladies soon after arrived also, but they drew back suddenly on seeing a fine-looking officer occupying their usual place. Desroches was much disturbed.

"What," cried he, "you do not recognise me!" Do not imagine that these preliminaries conduct us to one of those histories in which pity becomes love, such as it is described in the operas of the present day. The lieutenant had for the future ideas much more serious. Content to be still thought a passable cavalier, he hastened to reassure the two ladies, who appeared disposed, since his transformation, to withdraw the intimacy commenced between the three. Their reserve could not be maintained against his frank declarations.

The union was proper, besides, in all points of view. Desroches had a small inherited property near Epinal. Emilie possessed from her parents a little house at Hageneau, let as the café of the town, and which produced, in the shape of rent, five or six hundred francs, though in truth half of this belonged to her brother Wilhelm, first clerk of the potary of Schenaberg.

When the arrangements had been settled they resolved to go for the wedding to this little city, which was the real home of the young girl, who had inhabited Metz for so long a time only for the sake of not leaving her aunt.

Nevertheless they agreed to return to Metz after the marriage. Emilie anticipated great pleasure in again seeing her brother. Desroches was often astonished that this young man was not in the army, like all those of our time; the reply was that he had been exempted on account of his health. Desroches pitied him very much.

Behold then the betrothed couple and the aunt on their way to Hageneau. They took places in the public carriage which relays at Bitché, and which was at that time simply a wagon composed of leather and wicker work. The route is beautiful, as you know.

Desroches, who had never traversed it except in uniform, a sabre in his hand, in company with three or four thousand men, admired the solitude, the strange-looking rocks, the mountains terminated by mountains clothed in dark verdure, and interrupted at times by long valleys. The rich

plains of St. Avold; the manufactories of Sarreguemines; the little pieces of compact underwood of Limbique, where the ash-trees, poplars and firs spread out their triple bed of verdure, shaded with gray and dark green—you know what a charming and magnificent aspect all this has.

Arrived at Bitché, the travellers alighted at the little inn of the Dragon, and Desroches eagerly inquired after me. When I arrived, I saw his new family, and complimented the young lady, who was of a rare beauty and of gentle manners, and who appeared very much in love with her future husband. All three breakfasted with me here, where we are now seated. Many officers, comrades of Desroches, drawn by the rumor of his arrival, came to seek him at the inn, and invite him to dine at the public-house of the fortress, where the staff of the army put up. We agreed the two ladies should withdraw early, and that the lieutenant should give to his comrades all of his last evening of bachelor life.

The repast was gay. Everybody enjoyed his part of the happiness and of the gaiety that Desroches brought back with him. They spoke to him of Italy, of Egypt, with transport, making bitter complaints at the ill-luck which confined so many good soldiers in fortresses on the frontier.

"Yes," murmured some officers, "we suffocate here, the life is so fatiguing and monotonous. We might as well be on shipboard as here, without fights, amusements, or possibility of promotion. The fort is impregnable—said Bonaparte when he passed here on his way to join the army of Germany—we have then nothing left but the chance of dying of ennui."

"Alas!" my friends, replied Desroches, "matters were scarcely more amusing in my time; for like you I have been here, and like you have also complained. I, as a soldier arrived at the dignity of epaulettes by dint of wearing out Government shoes in all the highways of the world; I knew but three things—the exercise, the direction of the wind, and the grammar as people learn it at school. Thus, when I was named sous-lieutenant and sent to Bitché with the second battalion, I regarded my sojourn here as an excellent opportunity for serious study. Occupied with this thought I procured a collection of books, maps and plans. I studied the theory of war, and learned German without study, for in this country, although French, they speak only German. Thus the time, which appears so long for you who have not such things to learn, seemed to me short and insufficient. On the approach of night I took refuge in a little stone room beneath the grand staircase, and closing the loopholes, lit my lamp, and worked. One of these nights of which I speak—"

Here Desroches stopped an instant, passed his hand over his eyes, emptied his glass, and continued, without, however, terminating his last observation.

"You all know," said he, "the little path which ascends from the plain here, and which has been rendered impassable by the removal of a large rock, leaving at present in its place a chasm. Ah well! this passage has always been a fatal one for the enemy every time they have attempted to assail the fort. Scarcely entered on this path, the unfortunates were obliged to support the fire of cannon which razed the ground its entire length."

"You must have distinguished yourself," said a colonel to Desroches; "did you gain your lieutenantancy there?"

"Yes, colonel; and there I killed the first, the only man I have ever struck face to face, with my own hand. For this reason the sight of the fort will be always painful to me."

"What is that you say?" cried all. "What! you have been engaged in war twenty years; you have assisted at fifteen pitched battles; at fifty combats possibly, and you pretend to have killed but a single enemy?"

"I have not said that, gentlemen. Of the two thousand cartridges I have rammed into my musket, who knows whether the half have sent a bullet to the goal a soldier seeks. But I declare that at Bitché for the first time my hand has been reddened in the blood of an enemy, and that I did the cruel deed with a sabre which the arm thrusts till it pierces a human breast and is tremblingly buried there?"

"This is true," interrupted one of the officers, "the soldier kills many persons, and never really perceives it. A discharge of musketry is not, to say the truth, an execution of a murderous design but the intention of it. As to the bayonet it does little in the most disastrous charges. This is a conflict in which one of two foes stands firm or yields without coming to blows—the guns clash against each other, and then are raised again when the resistance ceases. The cavalry, for example, strike in reality."

"Yes," rejoined Desroches; "exactly as one never forgets the last regard of an adversary killed in duel, the last rictus in his throat, the sound of his heavy fall, so I bear with me nearly like a remorse—laugh at it, if you can—the image, pale and sad, of the Prussian sergeant whom I killed in the little powder-mill of the fort."

Everybody kept silent, and Desroches commenced his recital:

"It was in the night, and I was at work, as I explained to you just now. At two o'clock everybody should be asleep, except the sentinels. The watch are always silent. However, I thought I heard something like a prolonged movement in the gallery beneath my chamber; some one struck against a door which returned a creaking sound. I ran and listened at the end of the corridor, and in a low voice spoke to the sentinel; no reply. I had soon awakened the cannoners, put on my uniform, and taking my sabre without its scabbard, I ran in the direction of the noise. We arrived, nearly thirty in number, in the circular space that the gallery forms near its centre, and by the light of some lanterns we recognised the Prussians, whom a traitor had introduced by the closed postern gate. They were pressed together in disorder, and on perceiving us fired some

musket shots, of which the discharge was frightful in the feeble light, and beneath the over-arching vaults.

"Then we found ourselves face to face. The assailants continued to come up. Our men descended precipitately in the gallery. We were hardly able to move, but there was between the two parties a space of six or eight feet, a sort of lists that nobody cared to occupy, so stupefied were the surprised French, and distrustful the disappointed Prussians.

"The hesitation, however, lasted not long. The scene was illumined by flambeaux and lanterns; some cannoners had suspended theirs to the walls. A combat like those of ancient days took place. I was in the first rank, and found myself face to face with a Prussian sergeant, of tall stature, covered with chevrons and decorations. He was armed with a gun, but could scarce move it, so compact was the crowd. All these details are still present in my mind, alas! I know not if he thought even to resist me. I rushed towards him; I buried my sabre in his noble heart. The victim opened his eyes in a horrible manner, closed his hands violently, and fell back in the arms of the other soldiers.

"I do not remember what followed. When I recovered my senses I was in the first courtyard, covered with blood. The Prussians, repulsed through the postern gate, had been driven with cannon shots even to their encampment."

After this history there was a long silence, and then other subjects of conversation arose. A sad and curious spectacle for the thoughtful observer; the faces of all these soldiers darkened by the recital of a misfortune so common apparently—and one could discover of what value is the life of a man, even of a German, doctor, by observing the intimidated regards of these destroyers by profession.

"It is certain," replied the doctor, a little bewildered, "that the blood of a man cries very loudly, in whatever manner it be shed. Nevertheless, Desroches did no wrong; he only defended himself."

"Who knows?" murmured Arthur.

"You, doctor, who spoke of capitulations of conscience, tell us if this sergeant's death resemble not, in some degree, an assassination. Is it certain the Prussian would have killed Desroches?"

"Why, what would you have? Such is war."

"Yes, truly, such is war. One kills at a distance of three hundred paces, in the darkness, man who knows you not, nor sees you. One slaughters face to face and with fury in the looks people towards whom one has no hatred, and with the reflection you have made, one consoles and glorifies himself. And this is done, honorably, among Christian people!"

The adventure of Desroches spread different impressions in the minds of those present. It was now bedtime. Our officer was the first to forget his sorrowful history, for the reason that from the little chamber which had been assigned him he perceived, through the thick foliage of the trees, a certain window of the Hotel du Dragon, illuminated from within by a night-lamp. There slept all his future. When at midnight the challenges of the sentinels awoke him, he said to himself that, in case of an alarm, his courage could no longer, as formerly, galvanise the entire man, and that there would be mingled with it some little regret and fear.

Before the hour of the morning watch, the next day, the captain of the guard let him out. He joined his lady friends, who were walking up and down beside the exterior moat, awaiting him. I accompanied them as far as Neunhoffen, for they designed being married by the civil process at Hageneau, returning afterwards to Metz for the nuptial benediction.

Wilhelm, Emilie's brother, received Desroches in a tolerably cordial manner. The two brothers-in-law regarded each other at times with a fixed attention. Wilhelm was of medium height, but well shaped. His blonde hair was already thin, as if he had been worn by study or by sorrow. He wore blue spectacles on account of his vision, so feeble, he said, that the least light gave him pain. Desroches brought to him a file of papers, which the young clerk examined with curiosity, and then himself produced all the titles of his family, forcing Desroches to read them. But he was dealing with a man confiding in love, and disinterested; the inquiries were not long. This manner of proceeding appeared somewhat to flatter Wilhelm, who took the arm of Desroches, offered him one of his best pipes, and took him to visit all his friends at Hageneau.

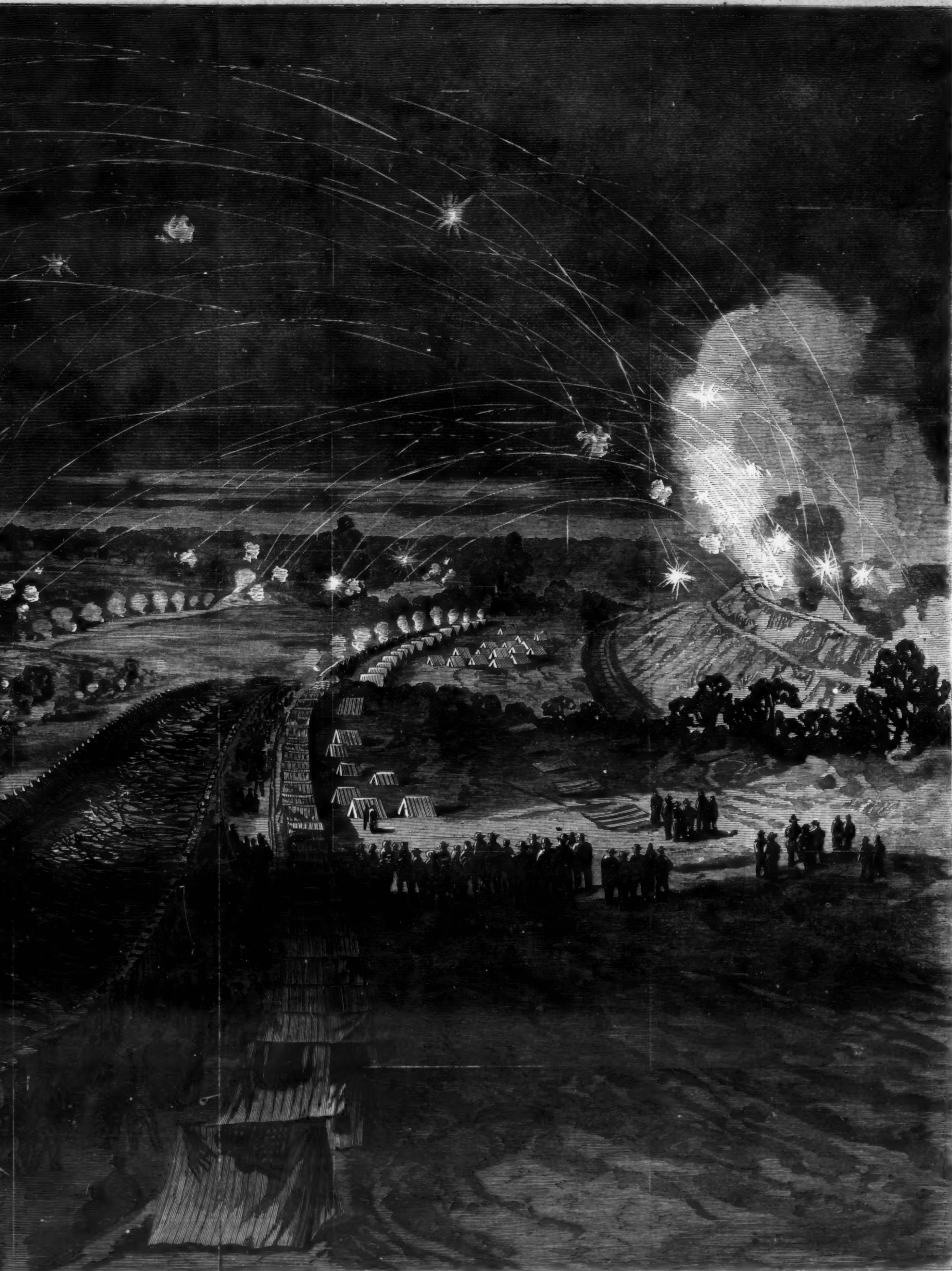
Everywhere they smoked and drank strong beer. After ten presentations, Desroches begged to be excused and to be permitted to pass his evenings by the side of his betrothed.

A few days after, the two lovers of the bench and esplanade were two married people, united by the mayor of Hageneau, venerable officer who had been burgomaster before the French Revolution, and who had held in his arms very often the little Emilie, whom possibly he had himself registered at her birth. Thus he had whispered to her, the evening before her marriage, "Why do you not marry some good German?"

Emilie appeared to set little value on these distinctions. Even Wilhelm had become reconciled to the moustache of the lieutenant—for it should be said at their first meeting there had been some reserve on the part of these two men. But Desroches, exerting himself very much, and Wilhelm making some effort for his sister's sake, and the good aunt pacifying and softening all their interviews, they succeeded in becoming very good friends. Wilhelm embraced very cordially his brother-in-law after the signing of the contract. The same day—for all was finished by nine o'clock—the travellers set out for Metz. It was six o'clock in the evening when the carriage



THE LAST NIGHT ATTACK IN FRONT OF PETERSBURG, BY THE UNION FORCES



ON FORCES UNDER GEN. GRANT, MARCH 31.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.

THE ANGEL AND THE CHILD.

I saw an angel in my sleep,
Pass out o'er the celestial town;
By golden stair and starry keep,
This angel of the Lord came down.

He kindled into purple flame
His pathway through the cloven sky,
This angel of the Lord that came
To where a little child did lie.

I saw their faces, near and clear,
His was the child's, the child's was his;
O babe, the mother lips are dear,
Now you shall taste an angel's kiss!

I looked again, and in my dream,
I saw the angel and the child
Pass hand in hand, athwart the gleam
Of inmost Paradise undimmed,

On to the Throne. They shall behold
The Father's lighted face alway.
Mother, the little limbs are cold;
Your angel baby died to-day!

TOUCHED!

BY C. SHACKELFORD.

(Concluded from our last.)

It was late at night when the old-fashioned coach, a fossil of the vehicles of "long ago," stepped in its wild career at the door of the neat little hotel. I found that an accession of visitors had deprived me of my old room, so that I was compelled to occupy an apartment connected with another by a door that was locked and bolted and the key gone. A man who has once been robbed is usually suspicious of men and things that are strange to him. I had been robbed, and was wary of everything that would permit me to become a victim for the second time.

So I quietly pushed the handle of my tooth-brush into the keyhole, carefully examined the light bolt, put my watch and pocketbook under my pillow, and went to bed and to sleep. About two hours later I was awakened by a noise that I believed, in the first moment of consciousness, to be made by some one in the next room tampering with the lock of the intervening door. I was soon disabused of that idea by the regularity and loudness of the noise. No burglar would have been insane enough to create such a disturbance. I listened and reasoned several minutes before I was able to divine the cause of these outrageous sounds; then everything was apparent to me. The sound was—a snore. I laughed aloud at my foolishness, and then shut my eyes and tried to go to sleep. But that abominable noise did not decrease in any respect. It was as monotonously loud as ever. Then I began to hate this unconscious snorer because he had dispelled and utterly destroyed a pleasant dream, in which I was sailing with my love in a lily pond, picking lily-buds, that burst open as we touched them and let forth fairy angels made out of sunshine. And I dreamed that one of these sprites had fallen into the water and was drowning, and that Nettie and I were trying to rescue him with a sheet of gold tissue-paper, when everything, lily-pond, Nettie and fairies, suddenly disappeared at the utterance of this snore, and I awoke with a discriminating sense of the effect of sound.

After enduring the noise for nearly ten minutes, my patience vanished, and I became, after a fashion, desperate, regardless of everything except a cessation of the noise. I seized one of my heavy shoes, and violently hurled it against the door that separated me from the deep sleeper. There was a sound, half scream, half groan, then—silence. Delighted with the success of my attack, I went to sleep very easily, perfectly careless whether the snorer were a large man or a small one—an invalid or a ruffian.

Next morning, while dressing, I could not help laughing at the mark made by my shoe on the door; then I wondered if the sleeper, whom I had roughly quieted, had descended to breakfast. I listened intently, but I heard no sound in the next room. Then I tried the keyhole with my eye, but it was covered on the other side. I was ashamed now of my display of temper, and earnestly wished that I had not been so hasty and violent in my demonstration of displeasure. That is generally the case. We contemplate matters very differently in daylight from what we think of them in the night. But I soon banished that feeling, saying to myself: "George, you have made a fool of yourself, and you cannot help it, so be brave!" and with this admonition to myself I went out of the room a little more carefully than usual, nevertheless.

As I was turning the key in the lock, the door of the next room opened, and its occupant quietly came forth into the passage.

That occupant was Miss Nettie!

I cannot express the feelings that possessed me when I saw this lady. I was angry with myself and ashamed of my conduct, that must appear to her unpardonable and outrageous. I knew that I must do or say something.

"Miss Merrill," I said, going towards her, and greatly embarrassed, "permit me to try and explain the—"

Before I could utter another word she had passed me and was descending the stairs. She never looked at me, but directly ahead, and I should not have believed that she saw me if she had not, in passing, so gathered in her dress as to prevent any possible contact with mine. For a moment I was angry; but my love triumphed over such a base feeling, and I went down to breakfast, confident that, if I could but explain the affair, she would not cherish any harsh thoughts against me.

Miss Merrill, her mother, and a pompous, irascible old gentleman, who was reading a newspaper

through gold-rimmed eyeglasses, and rapped loudly with his knuckles every little while for a waiter, all sat at the further end of the table. They sauntered past me, laughing and talking together, just as I had finished my meal.

I followed them out upon the piazza, which was the coolest place where one could pass the morning, and where the view of the bay and sea was magnificent. This piazza was a few feet above the ground, and faced the principal street. It was the hour when the stage that runs between Bodinn and the railroad station, four miles distant, should have made its appearance, and I left the dining-room with the intention of waiting its arrival, though the real reason may have been a purpose to speak to the woman whom I loved. She and her mother were seated at the other end of the piazza; and, so far as I could discover, they did not even think me worthy of a glance. I felt assured, too, that the daughter had, by this time, told her mother of my conduct. They must have known of my presence, for I was, at that moment, the only person, beside themselves, on the porch. "So much for saving a woman's life and falling in love with her!" I said to myself, selfishly and bitterly. But I was immediately ashamed of such a sentiment, and resolved to address them, apologise for my behavior, and ascertain if we could not again be friends, for even as strangers we had been friendly.

I had taken a few steps forward when I heard my name called, and, turning, I confronted the arrogant gentleman with the hard knuckles.

"Now for a tornado of passion," I thought. "He must be the father, knows everything and seeks me as an object upon which to vent his wrath for my disturbance of his daughter's slumbers."

So I folded my arms in a determined manner so as to produce, possibly, an appearance of courageous indifference to all I thought he would say. There was some dust on his coat-sleeve, and he devoted several seconds to brushing it off. I became impatient, and said:

"Well?"

He took out his handkerchief and tried to polish a grease spot where the dust was most visible.

"Are you Mr. George Lacie?" he demanded, rubbing his spectacles with his flowered yellow silk handkerchief as industriously as he had rubbed the spot, and looking at me all the time as if I were a criminal and he my judge.

"Yes, sir," I surlily replied, yet wondering of what nature would be the first outburst of his ire.

"George Lacie, the merchant, 128 Dallas street?"

"The same."

"Then I am your uncle!" he exclaimed, triumphantly.

"I don't know you, sir—haven't any uncles that you resemble," I said, angrily, thinking the man was trying to impose upon me.

I turned to leave him, but he laid his hand rather heavily upon my arm.

"Stop, sir!" he commanded, fixing his glasses upon his nose and keenly regarding me through them. "Stop, sir! I want to talk to you. It is not surprising that you do not know me, for we never saw each other before this morning—not at all surprising, sir! I should not have known you if I hadn't just read your name in the register and asked the clerk to point you out to me."

As he talked slowly and pompously, a dim suspicion of his identity stole upon me. I had seen all of my relations, so far as I knew, except one, who had sent to me a heartless, inhuman letter immediately after my father's death. My uncle, who had never seen me nor I him! I am afraid I treated the man before me to rather contemptuous looks, and he recognised something, some change in my face or manner, that gave him annoyance.

"What ails you?" he demanded, as if I were his son or his servant.

"What ails me? Let me think. You are my uncle, you say?"

"Most certainly."

"I remember that an uncle of mine once wrote to me a letter—such a letter, it was, as might be expected from his majesty the King of the Cannibal Islands. His name was Merrill, and he was an uncle that I had never seen, and—"

"Never want to see!" he interrupted, with a loud laugh, as if his fancy were pleased with the supposition. "I understand you; you feel offended. Now, George, it is not my nature to be sentimental or demonstrative. In the letter you mention I, instead of mourning the death of one I hated, asked you to make me a visit. I would have comforted you, my sister's son, for the loss of your father by giving you the society of my family. That was months ago. Since then I have married again—yes, married again!" and he said the words with a mock mournfulness that made me smile. "But, by Jove! I have forgotten."

There's my wife and stepdaughter at the other end of the porch. Forget what I wrote, be friends and come along with me and be introduced. The rest of the girls are at Saratoga. I came from there last night, and am going back to-morrow. Come along!"

As he spoke these last words the stage, followed closely by a light open buggy, in which were two men, came rapidly down the street.

"Wait a minute, please," I asked, wishing to have a little time for preparation to meet the woman whom I loved, and to whose free pardon the way now seemed clear and hopeful.

I seated myself on the railing around the porch and watched the vacating of the crowded coach. A glance showed me that the ladies were leaning forward and gazing. My uncle stood at my side, handkerchief in hand, and with an appearance of curiosity visible in his motions and face.

The men had left the buggy, and, standing in the walk, were watching, very keenly, as I thought, the passengers that came out of the coach. I could not tell why I became so exceedingly interested in the actions of these two dust-covered men. It may have been because my curiosity was excited

by their refusal to have their horse taken to the stable; or perhaps it was because of their watchful actions, their waiting at the coach, their very presence, that showed that mere pleasure had not brought them to this little out-of-the-way village. I watched them and the other travellers. The first one that emerged from the coach was a pale and feeble boy of sixteen, followed by his mother; then an old lady, with the inevitable handbox that old ladies carry; then a gentleman and lady and little girl; last of all there appeared a spruce, dandyish fellow of about twenty-eight years of age.

As he stopped for a second on the step of the stage, his eyes glanced towards the porch, and he nodded his head to the ladies, who suddenly arose and came towards where I was sitting. I heard Miss Nettie ask:

"What can have brought my husband down here so suddenly, papa?"

And the old gentleman growled out:

"How can I know his whims? He's probably on his pleasure tour."

I heard these words from man and woman, and felt a terrible pain in my heart.

Without a warning word and through my own blindness, I knew that I had loved and did love the wife of another. I did not dare to turn my face and look, though I knew that she was beside her uncle. But while these words had been spoken, and just as the young man had reached the ground, I saw the two men first look into each other's faces and then step forward right into his path.

They spoke to him in a low voice, and I saw that his face grew white. A hand was laid upon his arm; but he gave another glance towards the porch; then, with the quickness of thought, raised his light bamboo cane, with its heavy knob of lead, and struck the larger of the men to the earth. In an instant he was in the buggy—the reins gathered in his hands.

But the little, lithe man was just as sudden in his movements, and had seized the horses' bits with one hand, while the other held a revolver that was ominously pointed at the head of the would-be fugitive.

"Get out of that and come here!" ordered the man, as he cocked the pistol. And as the other obeyed and leaped to the sidewalk, he found that the wounded man was waiting for him with a glittering wristlet of steel, with which he pinioned the hands that had dealt him such a murderous stroke.

All this action was of a minute's duration; it was quick, sharp and energetic work. I heard a faint moan—the cry of a wounded heart—and turned to find that my uncle's daughter had fainted and fallen into my arms. The cause was very evident. They—father and mother—gently carried her into the house, and left me alone with my thoughts. I did not dare to be alone; so I went down to where the men and their prisoner were standing, surrounded by a group of curious people.

"What does all this mean?" I asked of the man who had been struck with the cane.

"Mean?" he repeated, patting an unsightly cut on the face with his handkerchief. "Mean? This 'ere alash speaks for itself, sir. It looks kinder ugly, don't it?" removing the handkerchief.

"It certainly is a bad cut; and you ought to have it dressed immediately. But why did you get it?"

"Because he carried a loaded cane and used it. That's evident!"

"You do not understand me. Why have you arrested him?"

"Oh, beg pardon, sir! Well, he's arrested for a robbery. We've been waiting for him two days—up there—at the station; and this morning the stage started before we knew exactly whether he was in it—and he wasn't in it when it first started. Then we took a horse and buggy. He is a lively chap to be took. I didn't think it of him," and he gave a sort of admiring look at the prisoner and patted his cheek as if in applause of his liveliness.

"Would you tell me his name and whom he robbed and what he stole?" I was curious to know the crime of the husband of the woman I loved.

The detective took a slip of paper out of his pocket, saying:

"I think I have his name. I always go by description, though. Let me see. Yes! here it is. Sheldon—Fred. Sheldon. Robbed Geo. Lacie, merchant, of \$5,000. Wife staying at Bodinn. Description—so-and-so. We couldn't find him in the city; but we thought that, sooner or later, he'd steal down to his wife. You see! He's trapped. Come, Poke"—turning to his companion—"let's leave!"

"Wait a minute!" I said. "What have you done with the money, Sheldon?" I asked, going up to him. "I would like to know; for I am Mr. Lacie."

"Find it!" was his surly answer.

"Take your time!" I suggested. "The money will do you no good when you are in the penitentiary."

He did not reply.

I went into the hotel to make arrangements for an immediate departure. My uncle came to me.

"I have seen Fred," he said, "and found out what I didn't know before—that he had robbed you. He is a rascal! but he is the husband of my stepdaughter, whom I dearly love. Let me give you back the money, and you give him his liberty."

"That would be unjust to myself and to my partner. I do not—"

The door opened, and Sheldon's wife—a woman very dear to my heart, though she was the wife of another—ran into the room and knelt beside my chair.

"Mercy!" she begged, taking my hand in hers, "mercy for my husband—for myself!"

I felt hot tears fall upon my hands.

"Do not make two lives wretched," she pleaded. "Yes, it shall be mercy. Your husband shall be released."

I felt her lips touch my hands.

Poor, sorrowing woman, she did not know, never knew, how madly I loved her, and how gladly I would have done a hundred times as much to make her happy! I freed myself from her grasp and rushed from the room.

I had Sheldon released. With my sorrow—known only to myself—imprisoned in my heart, yet struggling for liberty, I returned that morning to the city—to live alone a cheerless, hopeless life.

CLOUDLAND.

I've a home in cloudland,
The rivers run o'er golden sand;
And tall and straight the dark pines stand
Round my home in cloudland.

The roses are blowing,
The fountains are flowing,
'Tis always midsummer in cloudland.
No dews e'er weeping,
No shadows e'er creeping,
Near my home in cloudland.

I've a guest in cloudland,
One true knight at my command,
Who'd gird at Death for my white hand,
And dwells with me in cloudland.
Soft music is playing,
And we two go straying,
Deep in the sweet bow'rs of cloudland.
Where elf chimes are ringing,
Strange melody flinging
Around my home in cloudland.

ONLY A CLOUD.

BY M. E. BRADDON.

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CHAPTER XII.—MR. HILLARY SPEAKS HIS MIND.

AFTER that meeting in Hyde Park, Francis Tredethlyn came very often to the Cedars, so often as to engender a vague uneasiness in Miss Hillary's mind. She knew that he loved her. If that sudden declaration in the study had never occurred to reveal the fact, Maude must have been something less than a woman had she been blind to a devotion that was made manifest by every look and tone of her adorer. She knew that he loved her, and that he had done battle with his love in order that she might be happily ignorant of the pangs that tormented his simple heart. The highly educated girl was able to read the innermost secrets of that honest uncultivated mind, and was fain to pity Francis Tredethlyn's wasted suffering. Alas! had she not indeed traded upon his devotion, and obtained her father's safety at the expense of her own honor?

Such thoughts as these tormented Miss Hillary perpetually now that Francis spent so much of his life at Twickenham. She perceived with inexpressible pain that her father encouraged the young man's visits, her father, who could not surely shut his eyes to the real state of the Cornishman's feelings, yet who knew of her engagement to Harcourt Lowther. She did not know that Julia Desmond had taken good care to inform Francis of that engagement, and that the young man came knowingly to his delicious torture. She did not know this, and all that womanly compassion which was natural to her, that pitying tenderness which showed itself in the injudicious relief of bare-faced tramps and vagabonds about the Twickenham lanes, and the pampering of troublesome pet dogs and canary birds, all her womanly pity, I say, was aroused by the thought that she was loved, and loved in vain, by an honest and generous heart.

Thus it came to pass that she could no longer endure the course which events were taking, and she determined upon speaking to her father. They had dined alone one bright June evening—they were not often thus together now, for Mr. Hillary had fallen into his old habit of bringing visitors from London, and the ponderous matrons and croquet-playing young ladies inflicted a good deal of their company upon Maude. They had dined alone, and Miss Hillary seized the opportunity of speaking to her father upon that one subject which had so long occupied her thoughts.

"Mr. Tredethlyn comes here very often, papa," she said, breaking ground very gently.

Lionel Hillary filled his glass, retiring as it were behind the claret jug, from which comfortable shelter he replied to his daughter's remark:

"Often?—yes—I suppose he does spend a good deal of his time here. I am glad that he should do so, he is an excellent young man, a noble-hearted young fellow, the best friend I have in the world."

Mr. Hillary was a long time filling that one glass of claret, and his face was quite hidden by the crystal jug.

"Yes, papa, he is very good; but do you think it is quite right—quite wise to invite him so often?"

"Right?—wise?" cried Mr. Hillary; "what, in the name of all that's absurd, can you mean by talking of the right or wisdom of an invitation to dinner? The young man likes to come here, and I like the young man, and like to see him here. That is about all that can be said upon the subject."

Maude was silent for some moments. It was very difficult to discuss this question with her father, but she had grown familiar with difficulties within the past few months, and was no longer the frivolous girl who had known no loftier causes of anxiety than the uncertain health of her Skye terriers. She returned to the charge presently.

stopped at Bitché, at the grand hotel of the Dragon.

In a country intersected by streams and patches of woods travelling is not easy. Ten hills for every league caused the travellers to be rudely shaken in their conveyance. This was possibly the reason for the indisposition which the young wife experienced on arriving at the inn. Her aunt and Desroches installed themselves near her, and Wilhelm, who suffered from a consuming hunger, descended to the little hall, where at eight o'clock the supper of the officers would be served.

This time nobody knew of the return of Desroches. The entire day had been employed by the garrison in excursions among the groves of Linpoletten. Desroches, that he might not be obliged to leave his wife, had forbidden the hostess to pronounce his name.

The three, sitting near the little window of the chamber, saw the troops re-entering the fort, and as night approached the fortified slopes were covered with soldiers, eating bread and goat cheese.

Now, Wilhelm, as one who wishes to forget both time and hunger, had lit his pipe and sat down on the sill of the door between the smoke of the tobacco and of the coming repast, double pleasure for the idle and hungry.

The officers, at sight of this citizen-traveller, with his cap pulled down even to his ears, and his blue spectacles, turned towards the kitchen, perceived they would not be alone at table, and wished to make acquaintance with the stranger, for he might come from a distance, be intelligent, recount news, and in such case this would be a piece of good fortune; or, arriving from the environs, keep a stupid silence, and then they would have a silly fellow at whom to laugh.

A sous-lieutenant from the schools approached Wilhelm with a politeness bordering on exaggeration.

"Good evening, sir; do you know any news from Paris?"

"No, sir; do you?" said tranquilly Wilhelm.

"My faith, sir, we never go out of the town of Bitché—how should we know any?"

"And I, sir, never go out from my office."

"Are you perhaps, in the artillery?"

This raillery, directed against Wilhelm's spectacles, enlivened the assembly considerably.

"I am a notary's clerk, sir."

"In truth? at your age this is surprising."

"Sir," said Wilhelm, "if you have any doubts, would you wish to see my passport?"

"No, certainly."

"Ah! assure me you are not ridiculing me, and I will satisfy you on all points."

The assembly became serious.

"I asked you, with no bad intention, if you belonged to the artillery, because you wore spectacles. Do you not know that only the officers of this branch of the service are privileged to wear glasses?"

"And does this prove that I am a soldier, or officer, which you please?"

"Why, everybody is a soldier to-day. You are not twenty-five years old; you should belong to the army, or perhaps you are rich; you have fifteen or twenty thousand francs in rents; your relatives have made some sacrifices on your account—but in such a case, a person hardly dines at the public table at an inn."

"Sir," said Wilhelm, shaking the ashes from his pipe, "possibly you have the right of submitting me to this inquisition, in which case I ought to reply to you plainly. I have not any rents, since I am simply a notary's clerk, as I have told you. I have been discharged on account of my impaired vision. In a word, I am nearsighted."

A general and violent burst of laughter followed this declaration.

"Ah, young man, young man!" cried Captain Vallier, striking him on the shoulder, "you profit by the proverb. It is better to be a coward, and live longer!"

Wilhelm reddened to the eyes.

"I am not a coward, sir, and I will prove it to you, wherever you please. Besides, my papers are in order, and if you are a recruiting officer I can show them to you."

"Enough, enough!" cried some officers; "leave this citizen alone, Vallier. The gentleman is a peaceable individual; he has the right to sup here."

"Yes," said the captain; "thus let us sit down at table, and without rancor, young man. Rest easy, I am not the examining surgeon, and this dining-hall is not a hall of review. To prove to you my good will, I offer to carve for you a wing of this old piece of leather they will give us for a chicken."

"I thank you," said Wilhelm, who had got over his hunger. "I will eat only some of these trout, which are at the end of the table," and he indicated to the servant to bring him the dish.

"Are these really trout?" said the captain to Wilhelm, who had removed his spectacles on sitting down at the table. "My faith, sir, you have better eyesight than myself. Hold, frankly—you would handle your musket quite as well as anybody else; but you have had some protection, you profit by it, very well. You prefer peace—this is a taste, just like any other. For my part, in your place, I could not read a bulletin from the grand army, and reflect that the young people of my age had been killed in Germany without feeling my blood boil in my veins. You are not, then, a Frenchman?"

"No," said Wilhelm, with effort and satisfaction at the same time. "I was born at Hageneau; I am not French; I am a German."

"A German? Hageneau is situated on our side of the frontier; this is a good and beautiful village of the French Empire, department of the Lower Rhine. Look at the map?"

"I am of Hageneau, I tell you—a village of Germany, ten years ago, to-day of France. But, for my part, I am always a German, just as you

would remain a Frenchman if your country ever belonged to Germany?"

"You are saying some dangerous things there, my young friend—take care."

"I have done wrong, perhaps," said Wilhelm, impetuously; "it is best to keep such sentiments as mine in one's heart, no doubt, if they cannot be changed. But it is you yourself who have carried matters so far, that it is necessary, at whatever risk, that I justify myself, or pass for a coward. Yes, this is the motive which in my conscience justifies the care I have taken in profiting by an infirmity which probably had not been able to arrest a man of spirit. And besides, there has been enough blood shed in my family; my father poured his, even to the last drop, see you, and for my part—"

"Your father was a soldier?" interrupted Captain Vallier.

"My father was a sergeant in the Prussian army, and defended for some time the territory you are now occupying. He was killed at the last attack on the fort at Bitché."

Everybody was very attentive to these last words of Wilhelm, which stopped the desire they entertained of replying severely to some of his paradoxes touching the peculiar case of his nationality.

"This was in '93?"

"In '93, the 17th of November, my father had set out in the evening from Sirmasen, in order to rejoin his company. I know he told my mother that by means of a bold plan this citadel would be secured without striking a blow. He was brought back to us in a dying condition, twenty-four hours afterwards. He expired on the doorstep, after having obliged me to swear to remain near my mother, who survived him fifteen days. I have learned that, in the attack which took place, he received in his breast a sabre thrust from a young soldier, who thus struck down one of the finest grenadiers in the army of Prince Hohenlohe."

"Why some one has been telling us this story," said the major.

"Yes, indeed!" said Captain Vallier, "this is the very adventure of the Prussian sergeant killed by Desroches."

"Desroches!" cried Wilhelm; "is this of the Lieutenant Desroches that you speak?"

"Oh, no, no," cried an officer in haste, who perceived there would happen some terrible revelation. "This Desroches, of whom we spoke, was a chasseur of the garrison, who died four years ago, for his first exploit did not bring him good fortune."

"Ah! he is dead," said Wilhelm, wiping his forehead, from which fell large drops of sweat.

Some minutes afterwards the officers saluted him, and left him alone. Desroches, having discovered from the window that they had all withdrawn, descended to the dining-hall, where he found his brother-in-law with his elbows on the long table, and supporting his head in his hands.

"What—in fact, we sleep already? But I wish my supper; my wife has finally fallen asleep, and I am terribly hungry. Come, a glass of wine; this will awaken us, and you will keep me company."

"No, I have a headache," said Wilhelm. "I am going up to my chamber. By-the-by, these gentlemen have said to me a good deal about the curiosities of the fort. Can you not go with me there, to-morrow?"

"Certainly, my friend."

Desroches finished his supper and then went to take possession of the second bed that had been prepared in the chamber whither his brother-in-law had just gone (for Desroches slept alone, being married only by the civil right). Wilhelm could not sleep during the night, sometimes weeping in silence, at others devouring with furious regards the sleeper, who smiled in his dreams.

What is called presentiment resembles very much the fish who precedes and warns the whales, immense and nearly blind, that here projects a sharp rook or that there is a sandy shoal. We move on in life so mechanically that some characters whose nature is careless, would be injured or destroyed without having had time even to think of God, if there appeared not some tarnish on the surface of their happiness. Some people become sad at the flight of a raven, others without motive, and others again are filled with anxiety on awaking, because they have had a mournful dream. All this is presentiment. You are about to run a danger—says the dream; take care—cries the raven; be sad—murmurs the brain, as it becomes heavy with care.

Desroches, towards the end of the night, had a strange dream. He found himself at the bottom of a subterranean vault; behind him walked a white shadow, whose garments rustled at his feet; when he turned round, the shadow redoubled and finally withdrew to such a distance that Desroches distinguished only a white point, which grew larger, became luminous, filled all the grotto, and disappeared. A slight noise made itself audible—Wilhelm re-entered the chamber, his hat on his head, and enveloped in a long blue mantle. Desroches started from his sleep.

"Diab!e!" cried he, "you have already been out this morning?"

"You must get up," replied Wilhelm.

"But will they open the fort for us?"

"Without doubt. They are all engaged at the exercises. There remains behind only the guard."

"Already! Very well, I am with you—the time only to say good-morning to my wife."

"She is very well; I have seen her; do not occupy yourself about her."

Desroches was surprised at this reply, but he attributed it to impatience, and yielded to a fraternal authority that he intended soon to shake off.

As they passed through the square, on their way to the fort, Desroches cast his eyes on the window of the inn. Emilie sleeps without doubt, said he. Nevertheless, the curtain trembles, is closed, and the lieutenant believed he saw some

one withdrawing from the window in order not to be discovered by him.

The wicket was opened without difficulty. An invalid captain, who had not been present at the supper the night before, commanded the post. Desroches took a lantern and prepared himself to lead from hall to hall his silent companion.

After visiting, during some minutes, several points, which seemed scarcely to fix his attention, Wilhelm said:

"Show me, then, the vaults."

"Certainly; but I swear to you, this will be a walk not at all agreeable to me. It is very damp below. Besides, the magazine is beneath the left wing, and there we cannot go without an order from the superior officer. On the right are the water conduits and the unprepared saltpetre; in the middle the counter mines and the galleries—you know what a vault is?"

"No matter. I am curious to visit places where have happened so many sad events—where even you have incurred some dangers, as they tell me."

He will not excuse me, even on such a miserable subject as a cellar.

"Follow me, brother, in this gallery which leads to the iron-bound portern."

The lantern cast on the damp walls a mournful light, which trembled as it was reflected by some sabre blades and musket barrels, partially eaten by rust.

"What are these arms?" asked Wilhelm.

"Those taken from the Prussians, killed at the last attack on the fort, and which my comrades have gathered together as trophies."

"There have been several Prussians died here?"

"Very many, in this circular space."

"Did you not kill here a Prussian sergeant, an old man of tall stature, and having brown moustaches?"

"Without doubt; have I not told you about it?"

"No, not you. But yesterday, at table, they have spoken to me of this exploit—which your modesty had hidden from us."

"What is the matter with you, brother, you grow pale?"

Wilhelm replied in a strong voice:

"Call me not brother—but foe. Look, I am a Prussian! I am the son of this sergeant whom you have assassinated."

"Assassinated!"

"Or killed—what matters! See, here is where your sabre has entered."

Wilhelm had cast aside his mantle and pointed to a rent in the green uniform which he had put on, and which was the identical coat of his father, piously preserved.

"You are the son of this sergeant? Oh! my God, are you not jesting with me?"

"Jesting? Does any one jest with horrors like this? Here my father was killed, his noble blood has reddened these stones—this sabre is, perhaps, his! Take you one of them, also, and give me my revenge for this deed. See, this is not a duel—this is the combat of a German against a Frenchman. *En garde!*"

"But you are crazy, dear Wilhelm. Put down this rusty sabre. You wish to kill me—am I culpable?"

"Besides, you have the chance now of striking me in my turn, and thus it will be double, at least, on your side. Defend yourself, I say."

"Wilhelm, kill me if you will. I am myself losing my senses—my head turns. Wilhelm, I but acted as every soldier must; think then—besides, I am the husband of your sister; she loves me. Oh! this combat cannot be."

"My sister!—the very reason why we cannot both live beneath the same heaven. My sister! she knows all! She will never consent to see again the one who has rendered her an orphan. Yesterday you said to her your last adieu."

A terrible cry escaped from Desroches, who threw himself on Wilhelm for the purpose of disarming him. The struggle was long, for the young man met the attack of his adversary with the resistance of rage and despair.

"Give me your sabre, wretch!" cried Desroches, "give it to me. You shall not strike me, miserable idiot."

"Right," cried Wilhelm, in a suffocating voice, "kill the son also, in the gallery! The son is a German, do you hear—a German!"

At this moment steps were heard, and Desroches let go his hold. Wilhelm, who had fallen to the ground, made no effort to rise.

"These steps were mine, gentlemen," added the abbé. "Emilie had come to the presbytery to tell me all beneath the safeguard of religion, the poor child. I stifled the pity which spake in the depths of my heart, and when she asked me if she could still love the murderer of her father made no reply. She understood me, pressed my hand, and departed, bathed in tears. A presentiment took possession of me. I followed her, and when I learned they had told her at the hotel that her brother and husband had gone to visit the fort, I suspected the frightful truth. Fortunately I arrived in time to prevent a new catastrophe between these two men, crazed with rage and grief."

Wilhelm, although disarmed, turned a deaf ear to the prayers of Desroches; he was overwhelmed with sorrow, but his eye still retained all its fury.

"Inflexible man!" said I to him, "will you awake the dead, and will you bring before us such frightful fatalities as this! Are you not a Christian, and will you usurp the justice of God? Will you become here the only criminal, the sole murderer? The expiation will be made, doubt not—but it belongs not to you to anticipate nor to forge it."

Desroches pressed my hand, and said:

"Emilie knows all. I will never see her again. I know what I have to do in order to give back to her her liberty."

"What say you," cried I, "a suicide?"

At these words Wilhelm arose and seized the hand of Desroches.

"No," said he, "I was wrong. It is I alone who am culpable, and who ought to have kept my secret and my despair!"

I will not paint to you the anguish we suffered in this fatal hour. I employed all the reasonings of religion and philosophy without discovering a satisfactory issue from this cruel situation. A separation was indispensable in any case, but what means to make the motives appear just. There would be not only a painful investigation to undergo, but still a political danger in revealing these fatal circumstances.

I undertook above all to counteract the dark projects of Desroches, and to impress on his heart the religious sentiments which make suicide a crime. You know that this unfortunate young man had been nurtured in the school of the materialists of the eighteenth century. Yet since his wound his ideas had changed very much, and doubts had obtruded themselves on his mind as to whether these philosophers were correct in their views. In virtue of this vague religious state, he accepted my consolations.

Some days passed by. Wilhelm and his sister had not quitted the inn; for Emilie had been very unwell after so many rude shocks. Desroches lodged at the presbytery, and read during entire days some pious books I lent him. One day he went alone to the fort and remained there several hours, and on his return he showed me a sheet of paper on which his name was inscribed. It was a captain's commission in a regiment which was about to leave in order to rejoin the Partoncaux division.

We received, at the end of a month, the news of his death, as glorious as singular. Whatever may be said of the species of frenzy which cast him in the conflict, his example was a great encouragement for all the battalion, which lost very many troops in the first charge.

Everybody remained silent after this recital. Each one kept to himself the strange thoughts which such a life and such a death excited. The abbé added, as he rose:

"If you wish, gentlemen, that we change, this evening, the usual direction of our customary walk, we will follow this valley of poplars colored by the setting sun, and I will lead you to Butte-aux-Lierres, whence we can see the cross of the convent into which Madame Desroches has retired."

"Dear papa, I am sorry to worry you about this business," she said, gently, "but there are such peculiar circumstances in our acquaintance with Mr. Tredethlyn; we are under so deep an obligation to him, and—"

"And on that account we ought to shut our doors in his face, I suppose!" exclaimed Mr. Hillary, with some show of impatience. "My dear Maude, what more's nest have you lighted upon?"

"It is so difficult for me to explain myself, papa, you can never imagine how difficult. But I think you ought to understand what I mean. When Julia was here, Mr. Tredethlyn's visits were quite natural, and I was always glad to see him; but it was my application to him for the loan of that money which resulted in the breaking of Julia's engagement. I cannot forget that night, papa; nothing but desperation would have prompted me to appeal to Francis Tredethlyn, and now that we are under this great obligation to him, I feel that we are bound to him by a kind of duty. We have, at least, no right to deceive him."

"Deceive him! Who does deceive him?" "Willingly, no one. But he may deceive himself, papa. You force me to speak very plainly. Upon the night on which I appealed to him for that loan he told me that he loved me, even though he was then engaged to Julia. There was something in his manner that convinced me of his sincerity, though I was shocked at the want of honor involved in such a declaration. But now that this engagement to Julia has been broken off, indirectly through my agency, he may think it likely that—"

"He may think it likely that you would be wise enough to accept one of the best fellows that ever lived for your husband. Is that what you mean, Maude?"

"Papa!" "Oh, my dear, I have no doubt you think me a cruel father, because I venture to make such a suggestion. But surely, Maude, you cannot have been blind to this young man's devotion. From the very first it has been obvious to any one gifted with the smallest power of perception. Julia Desmond contrived, by her consummate artifice, to inveigle the poor fellow into a false position; but in spite even of that foolish engagement, he has been devoted to you, Maude, from the first. I have seen it, and have counted, heaven knows how fully, upon a marriage between you and him."

"You have done this, papa, and yet you knew all about Harcourt," exclaimed Maude, reproachfully.

"I knew that you were a foolishly sentimental girl, ready to believe in any yellow-whiskered young Admirable Crichton, who could make pretty speeches, and criticise the newest Italian opera, or Tennyson's last poem. But I knew something more than this, Maude; I knew the state of my own affairs, and that my only hope for you lay in a wealthy marriage."

"And you thought that I would marry for money—you could think so meanly of me, papa!" "I thought that you were a sensible, high-spirited girl; and that when you came to know the desperation of the case, you would show yourself of the true metal—as you did that night at Brighton; as you did when you asked Tredethlyn for the loan that saved me from ruin."

Lionel Hillary stretched out his hand as he spoke, and grasped that of his daughter. In the next minute she was by his side, bending over him and caressing him. Only lately it had begun to dawn dimly upon Maude Hillary that perhaps this father, whom she loved so dearly, was not the noblest and most honorable of men; but if any such knowledge had come to her, it had only intensified the tenderness with which, from her earliest childhood, she had regarded that indulgent father. The experience of sorrow had transformed and exalted her nature; and she was able to look upon Lionel Hillary's weaknesses with pitying regret, rather than with feelings of contempt or indignation.

"Dear papa," she said, very gravely, "you and I love each other so dearly, that there should be no possibility of any misunderstanding between us. I can never marry Mr. Tredethlyn; I know that he is good and generous-minded and simple-hearted; I feel the extent of our obligation to him, but I can never be his wife. It is for this reason that I am fearful lest any false impression may arise in his mind. Pray, dear papa, take this into consideration, and do not let him come here so often—at any rate, not until you have been able to repay him his money, not until the burden of this great obligation has been removed from us."

Lionel Hillary laughed aloud. "Not until the money has been paid! I'm afraid, in that case, Tredethlyn will stop away from this house for a long time to come."

"A long time, papa! But you told me that you would be able to repay the twenty thousand pounds," said Maude, turning very pale.

"And I dare say I shall be able to pay the money some day. Such a loan as that is not repaid in a few months, Maude. How should you understand these matters?" "The twenty thousand pounds went to fill a yawning gulf in my business, and it would be about as easy for me to get the same amount of money back out of that gulf as it would for a single diver to bring up the treasures of a sunken argosy."

Maude sighed wearily. It seemed as if a kind of net had been woven round her, and that she suddenly found herself in the centre of it, unable to move.

"Papa," she cried, "you don't mean that Mr. Tredethlyn's money is lost?"

"Lost! No, child; but it may be a very long time before I shall be able to pay him. If you were not so foolish as to throw away one of the noblest hearts in Christendom—to say nothing of the fortune that goes along with it—there would

be very little need for me to worry myself about this money."

"Oh, I understand, papa. If I were Mr. Tredethlyn's wife, you would not be obliged to pay the twenty thousand pounds," said Maude, very slowly.

"I should not be tormented about it as I am now. Say no more, my dear; you don't understand these things, and you drive me very nearly mad with your questions about my affairs."

"Forgive me, papa. No, I don't understand—I can't understand all at once; it seems so strange to me."

She bent her head and kissed her father on the forehead, and then went quietly out of the room, leaving him alone in the still summer twilight, with a belated wasp buzzing feebly amongst the fruit and flowers on the table. Maude went to her own room, and sitting there in the dusk, shed some of the bitterest tears that had ever fallen from her eyes. The discovery of her father's views with regard to her had humiliated her to the very dust. The idea that Francis Tredethlyn's loan would never be repaid was torture to her keen sense of honor—torture which was rendered still more poignant by the recollection of her own part in the transaction. Would he ever be paid? Would that money, for the loan of which—and never more than the loan—she had supplicated her friend's betrothed husband, would that money ever be returned to the generous young man who had so freely lent it? Her father had said that it would in due course; but there was something in his manner that had neutralized the effect of his words. To Maude Hillary's mind this debt was a very sacred one, a debt which must be repaid, and for which she herself was responsible. Twenty thousand pounds! All the faculties of her brain seemed to swim in a great sea of confusion as she thought of that terrible sum—twenty thousand pounds, which she was bound to see duly paid; and she was no longer an heiress to whom money was dross. She was a penniless, helpless girl, worse off than other penniless girls, by reason of her inexperience of poverty.

She thought of Harcourt Lowther, and his image seemed to shine across a wilderness of troubles—a bright and pleasant thing to look at, but with no promise of help, no inspiration of hope, no pledge of comfort in its brightness.

"Perhaps papa is right after all," she thought, "and Harcourt would scarcely care to burden himself with a penniless wife."

She was ashamed of this brief treason against her lover almost as soon as the thought had shaped itself; only in her despair it seemed to her as if there could be no security of any happiness upon this earth.

"I will tell Francis Tredethlyn the truth about myself," she thought: "he shall not be deceived as to anything in which I am concerned. He shall know of my engagement to Harcourt."

Maude did not go downstairs again that night, nor did Mr. Hillary send for her, as it was his wont to do when she was long away from him. It may be that he scarcely cared to encounter his daughter after that conversation in the dining-room, which had been far from pleasant to him. He was not a father of Mr. Capulet's class, who could order his daughter to marry the County Paris at a few days' notice, or, in the event of her refusal, bid her rot in the streets of Verona. But from the very first he had been bent upon bringing about a union between Francis and Maude, and he brooded moodily over the girl's resolute rejection of any such alliance.

"And what would become of her if I were to die to-morrow?" he thought; "and what is to become of my business if I fail to secure a rich partner?"

ATTACK ON PETERSBURG.

Our sketch represents the heavy bombardment of Petersburg in the last night attack. The military history of the world presents nothing more momentous than the last two days of March, and the first two days of April. While to the Lieut.-General is due the praise of having framed the campaign, yet to that gallant soldier, Gen. P. Sheridan, will ever belong the surpassing praise of having, by his indomitable courage, skill, persistence and sagacity, carried out the plan of his chief. Driven back on Friday, and unable to carry his point on the Saturday, he characteristically renewed his efforts, and on Sunday he gave the *coup-de-grace* to the rebellion, by driving that steady, cautious, persistent, but nevertheless much overrated strategist, Robert Edmund Lee, a man, who of all others, with the solitary exception of Alex. Stephens, had the smallest excuse for turning traitor to his native land and native government.

The discovery of the already famous bronze colossal statue of Hercules, in the courtyard of the Palazzo Righetti, at Rome, has stimulated to further search on the same historic spot. On continuing the excavations, two apparently colossal marble statues have been discovered; but heavy rains and the depth at which the statues are embedded will for some time prevent their being fully disclosed. Portions of a colossal female torso, draped, have also been found, and it is hoped the missing parts may be recovered.

The aesthetics of eating are not well understood. It is regarded too much as a purely physical enjoyment, as a function whose highest office is to sustain life. English and Americans in particular look upon a good ester as partaking somewhat of the nature of the brute, and upon the gratification of the palate as involving in a greater or less degree something degrading to the intellectual and spiritual nature. The French take a more liberal view of the matter. With them cooking has become a science, the dinner-table a place of intellectual recreation, where the social faculties may be cultivated, and the soul as well as the body refreshed. Their cookery, their festive customs, their writings which touch upon the preparation of dishes, point to this idea. With them cooking and dining have become fine arts, and their professors artists, almost rivaling poets and painters in the esteem which is accorded to them. This view, though capable of being carried to an extreme, is certainly more rational than our more carnal one, and the people who entertain it show us by living examples that a man may be a gourmet without being a glutton.

QUEEN BESS.

An ancient narration of what it cost Queen Elizabeth for her board, is headed, "A declaration, or briefe collection of one year's expense for all the ordinarie dinners and suppers, with her Majestic breakfast, and breakfast for the guard, furnished with bread, beer, ale, Gascolgne wine, and with all manner of victuals of flesh and fish, rated according to the market prices, at highest condition; wherein is set downe what the charge of one messe of everie diet is in one flesh-day and one fish-day, and 220 flesh and 145 fish days, and then for 365 days, being one whole."

"Her Majestic's diet for breakfast, dinner and supper on a flesh-day cost £11 7s. 2d., or for 220 days £2,393 16s. 8d.; on a fish-day it cost £9 11s. 9d., making, for 145 days, £1,390 9s. 9d.; the total amount for the year being £3,804 19s. 5d."

Pretty well for the Queen's Majesty, the difference in the value of money considered, and the comparative cheapness of provisions in those days.

Each of the most important functionaries had a separate table, the allowance to each being the same, the total cost yearly for each being £966 13s. 6½d. The same holds good with respect to all the subsequent ones mentioned below:

Lord Steward, Lord Chamberlain, Mr. Treasurer, Mr. Comptroller.—A diet of ten, and ten dishes, dinner and supper: for one flesh-day, £3 1s. 8½d.; for one fish-day, £1 19s. 8½d.; total for one year, £3,806 14s. 3d.

Two Ladies in ye presence, Lady Roxburgh, Maids of Honor, Mr. Cofferer, Mrs. of Household.—A diet of seven, and seven dishes, dinner and supper: for one flesh-day, £1 17s. 4d.; for one fish-day, £1 4s. 11d.; total for one year, £2,966 17s. 6d.

Two Clerks of the Kitchen.—A diet of six, and six dishes, dinner and supper: for one flesh-day, £1 10s. 3½d.; for one fish-day, £1 1s. 9½d.; total for one year, £2,013 8s. 11½d.

Gentlemen Ushers, Chaplains and Subamer, Prebends Waters or Second of Ladye, Plisition, the Robbs, Mr. Cooke.—A diet of five and five dishes, dinner and supper: for one flesh-day, £1 5s. 5½d.; for one fish-day, 17s. 6½d.; total for one year, £2,036 1s. 10½d.

Mrs. Anselowe.—A diet of four, and four dishes: for one flesh-day, 13s. 6½d.; for one fish-day, 9s. 3d.; total for one year, £216 0s. 5d.

Mrs. Southwell, Mr. Secretary's Chamb., Apothecary, Shirurgen, Standing Wardrob, Removing Wardrob, Porters at gate, Counting-owse, Pantry, Grome Porter, Byair, Seller, Buttry, Scullary, Woodyard, Poultry, Scalding-house, Pastry, Larders, Privy Kitchen.—A diet of three, and three dishes, dinner and supper: for one flesh-day, 10s.; for one fish-day, 6s.; total for one year, £2,763.

Maids of Honors' Chamber, Lady Walsingham's Chamber, Mrs. Specker, Sempster, Tiresmaker, Confectionary, Waffrey, Chandry, Picher-howe, Almay, Larder for ye body.—For one flesh-day, 8s. 10d.; for one fish-day, 5s.; total for one year, £946 1s.

Howe-keeper.—A diet of two dishes, served once a day: for one flesh-day, 3s. 2d.; for one fish-day, 1s. 6d.; total for one year, £45 19s. 2d.

The Guard.—A diet of one dish, served once a day: for one flesh-day, 11s. 8d.; for one fish-day, 5s. 2d.; total for one year, £168 17s. 6d.

Boylinge-howe.—A diet of one, and one dish at dinner and supper: for one flesh-day, 4s.; for one fish-day, 1s.; total for one year, £52s. 6d.

"The somme of all these diets is £18,421 13s., over and besides sacke, Renish and sweet wine, butter, egges, fauoury, fruaty, spicery, confexionary, lights, wood, coal, carriages, expenses extra curia, supplies and necessarys in ye offices, wages, bordwages, command, and wast, liveries, almes, offerings, and the stable so much as paid by Mr. Cofferer."

A MONGOL DWELLING.

It is simply the habitation of a Mongol family—a tent, but of a more permanent construction than the ordinary travelling tent. It consists of a frame of light trellis work covered with thick felt, is circular in form, with a conical shaped roof, but nearly flat. A hole in the apex of the roof lets out the smoke from the Argol fire which burns all day in the middle of the tent. At night, when the fire is out, and before the inmates retire to rest, the hole in the roof is covered up. I did not measure the upright part of the wall of the tent, but it is under five feet, and you cannot enter without stooping. The tent is about 15 feet in diameter. A piece of felt hanging from the top forms a door. The Mongols sleep on mats laid on the ground, and pack very close. They have no bedding, but sleep generally in their clothes, merely loosening their girdles. In addition to the family, I have frequently observed a number of young kids brought into the tent for shelter on cold nights.

When the owner decides on moving to better pastures, his yurt is packed up in a few hours and laid on the back of a camel, or failing that, two oxen answer the purpose. Although yurt is the name always used by foreigners, I never heard it from a Mongol. They call it "gl-rai," as distinguished from a travelling tent, which they call "maichung." Such are the dwellings of the Mongols, and so much are they attached to them, that even when they live in settled communities, as in Urga, where they have every facility for building wooden houses, they still stick to their yurts, merely enclosing them with a rough wooden paling. In the whole journey I did not meet with a single instance of a Mongol living in a house, or in anything else than a yurt or gl-rai.

The Mongols are very superstitious, and certain rules of etiquette have to be observed in riding up to and entering a yurt. One of these is that all whips must be left outside the door, for to enter a yurt with a whip in the hand would be very disrespectful to the residents. Huc explains this almost in the words: "Am I a dog that you should cross my threshold with whips to chastise me?" There is a right and a wrong way of approaching a yurt also. Outside the door there are generally ropes lying on the ground, held down by stakes for the purpose of tying up their animals when they want to keep them together. There is a way of getting over or round these ropes that I never learned, but on one occasion the ignorant breach of the rule on our part excluded us from the hospitality of the family. The head of the house was outside his yurt when we rode up! We saluted him with the customary *Mendo!* *Mendo!* &c.; but the only response we got was a volley of quiet abuse, in which our salutation was frequently repeated in ironical tones, as much as to say: "*Mendo!* *Mendo!* you come to my tent with squared words on your lips, and disregard the rules of civility, which a child would be ashamed of doing, *Mendo!* *Mendo!* If you do not know how to conduct yourselves like gentlemen, you had better go about your business."

So we turned and went away—not in a rage, for we knew we had committed some grave offence against propriety.

The furniture of a Mongol yurt is very simple. A built-up fireplace in the middle of the floor is the only fixture. A large flat iron pan for cooking, or, if the parties are luxurious, they may possess two such utensils, and sport two fireplaces, by which means they can boil their mutton and water for their tea at the same time. A basin to hold milk, and a good large jug with a spout for the same purpose, and for the convenience of boiling it at the fire while the big pan is on, comprise all their kitchen and table service. Each person carries his own wooden *el-ige*, or cup, in his bosom, and, so armed, is ready to partake of whatever is going anywhere; and his small pocket-knife, by which he can cut up his quota of mutton. A wooden box serves as a wardrobe for the whole family. No tables or chairs are necessary, and I found no trace of a toilet service. These, with a few mats on the ground, for squatting on by day and sleeping on by night, comprise all the actual furniture of a yurt.

A CAMBLER.

Among the innumerable anecdotes related of the ruin of persons at play, there is one worth relating, which refers to a Mr. Porter, a gentleman, who, in the reign of Queen Anne, possessed one of the best estates in Northumberland, the whole of which he lost at hazard, in 12 months. According to the story told of this madman—for we will call him nothing else—when he had just completed the loss of his last acre, at a gambling-house in London, and was proceeding down the stairs to throw himself into a carriage to convey him home to his house in town, he resolved upon having one more throw to try to retrieve his losses, and immediately returned to the room where the play was going on. Nervous for the worst that might happen, he insisted that the person he had been playing with should give him one chance of recovery, or fight with him. His proposition was this: That his carriage and horses, the trinkets and loose money in his pockets, his town house, plate and furniture—in short, all he had left in the world, should be valued in a lump at a certain sum, and be thrown at a single cast. No persuasion could prevail on him to depart from his purpose. He threw, and lost; then conducting the winner to the door, he told the coachman there was his master; and marched forth into the dark and dismal streets, without house or home, or any one creditable means of support. Thus beggared, he retired to an obscure lodging in a cheap part of the town, subsisting partly on charity, sometimes acting as the marker at a billiard table, and occasionally as a helper in a livery stable. In this miserable condition, with nakedness and famine staring him in the face, exposed to the taunts and insults of those whom he had once supported, he was recognized by an old friend, who gave him 10 guineas to purchase necessaries. He expended five in procuring decent apparel: with the remaining five he repaired to a common gaming-house, and increased them to 80; he then adjourned to one of the higher order of houses, sat down with former associates, and won £20,000. Returning the next night, he lost it all, was once more penniless, and after subsisting many years in abject penury died a ragged beggar in St. Giles's.

FUN FOR THE FAMILY.

A TAILOR sent his bill to a lawyer for money; the lawyer bid the boy tell his master that he was not running away, but very busy at that time. The boy comes again, and tells him he must have the money. "Did you tell your master," said the lawyer, "that I was not running away?" "Yes, sir," answered the boy; "but he bade me tell you that he was!"

LORD CLARE, who was much opposed to Curran, one day brought a Newfoundland dog upon the bench, and during Curran's speech turned himself aside and caressed the animal. Curran stopped. "Go on, go on, Mr. Curran," said Lord Clare. "O, I beg a thousand pardons," was the rejoinder, "I really thought your lordship was employed in consultation!"

A RETIRED cheesemonger, who hated any allusions to the business that had enriched him, told to Charles Lamb, in course of discussion on the Poor-Laws, "You must bear in mind, sir, that I have got rid of that sort of stuff which you poets call the 'milk of human kindness.'"

Lamb looked at him steadily, and replied: "Yes, I am aware of that—you turned it all into cheese several years ago!"

PETROLIA's favorite singer—Grisi!

It is Walter Savage Landor who says: "Little men in lofty places throw long shadows, because our sun is setting."

"SUCCESSIA, no wonder your troubles begin, When blockaded without, and blockheaded within."

BREECHES of trust—trousers on credit.

A CHINESE thief, having stolen a missionary's watch, brought it back to him the next day, to show how to wind it up!

A COLONEL of one of the Bengal regiments was recently complaining at an evening party, that from the ignorance and inattention of the officers, he was obliged to do the major duty of the regiment. He said: "I am my own major, my own captain, my own lieutenant, my own ensign, my own sergeant, and—"

"Your own trumpeter," said a lady present.

THE new Isle of Man is petroleum.

It seems that a lawyer is something of a carpenter; he can file a bill, split a hair, make an entry, get up a case, frame an indictment, empanel a jury, put them in a box, nail a witness, hammer a judge, bore a court, and other like things.

SWIFT DESTRUCTION.—The rapidity with which fremen go to blazes.

"MARRIAGE," said a fretful husband, "is the graveyard of love."

"Yes," replied his wife, "and you men are the grave-diggers."

How many letters would a fellow have to put into the post before he may be said to have "put in a word?"

A WOMAN who has plainness of countenance must not indulge in the luxury of plainness of speech.

A MAN having been seen loaded with alcohol was charged by a policeman, but before he could be removed he went off, and no trace of him has since been discovered. The report, however, is said to have reached the nearest station.

A TOAST given a few years ago for the shoe and leather manufacturers: "May they have all the women in the country to shoe, and the men to boot."

THE man who could not "trust his feelings" is supposed to do business strictly on the cash principle.

At a colored ball the following notice was posted on the doorpost: "Tickets, fifty cents. No gentleman admitted unless he comes himself."

THE ladies greatly surpass the best artillery. They carry balls a great deal too far.

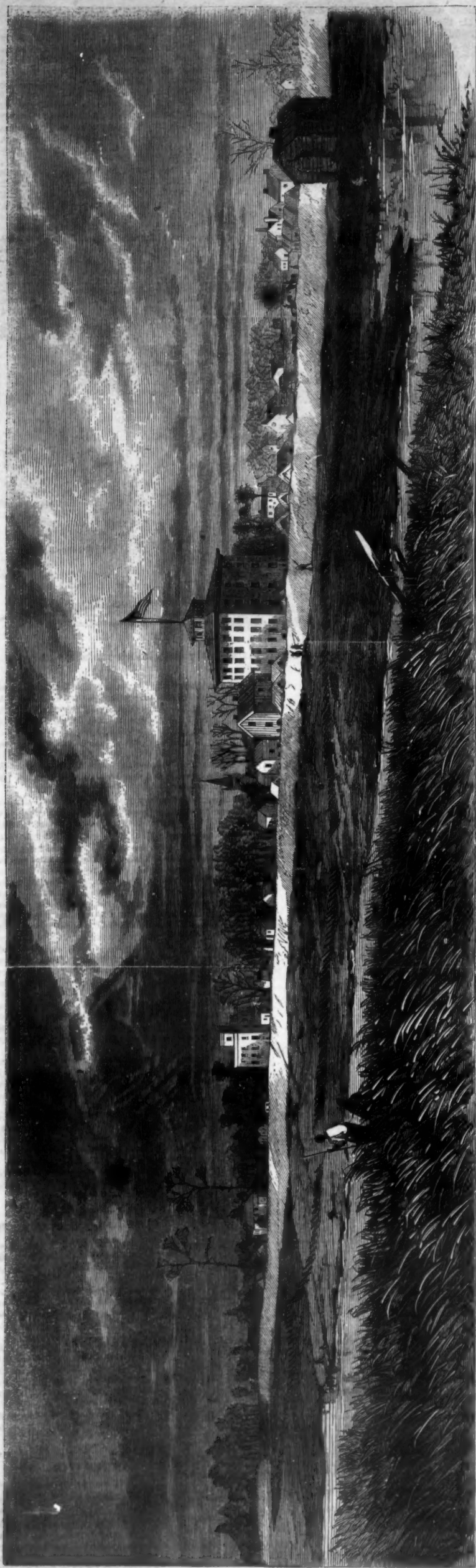
WHAT is the color of a scream? Yell-ho, of course!

A SHORT sentence with a long ending—you be hanged!

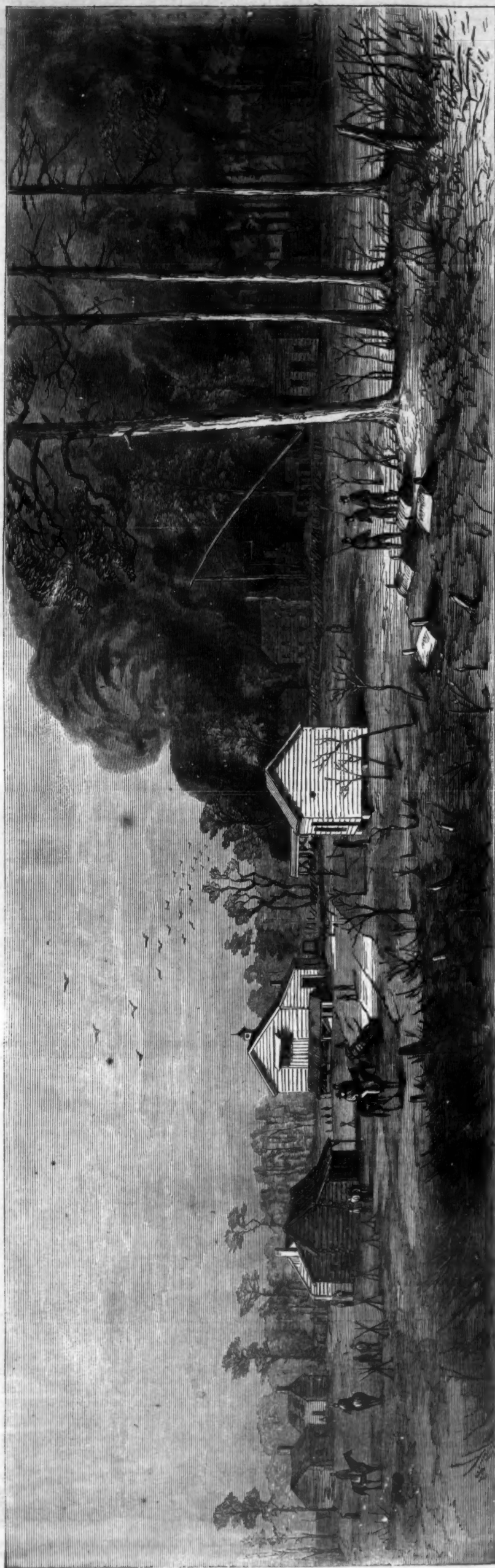
How to keep on good terms with creditors—pay them.

THERE are to be five eclipses during the present year, viz., two of the sun, two of the moon, and one of the Confederacy—the latter visible all over the world.

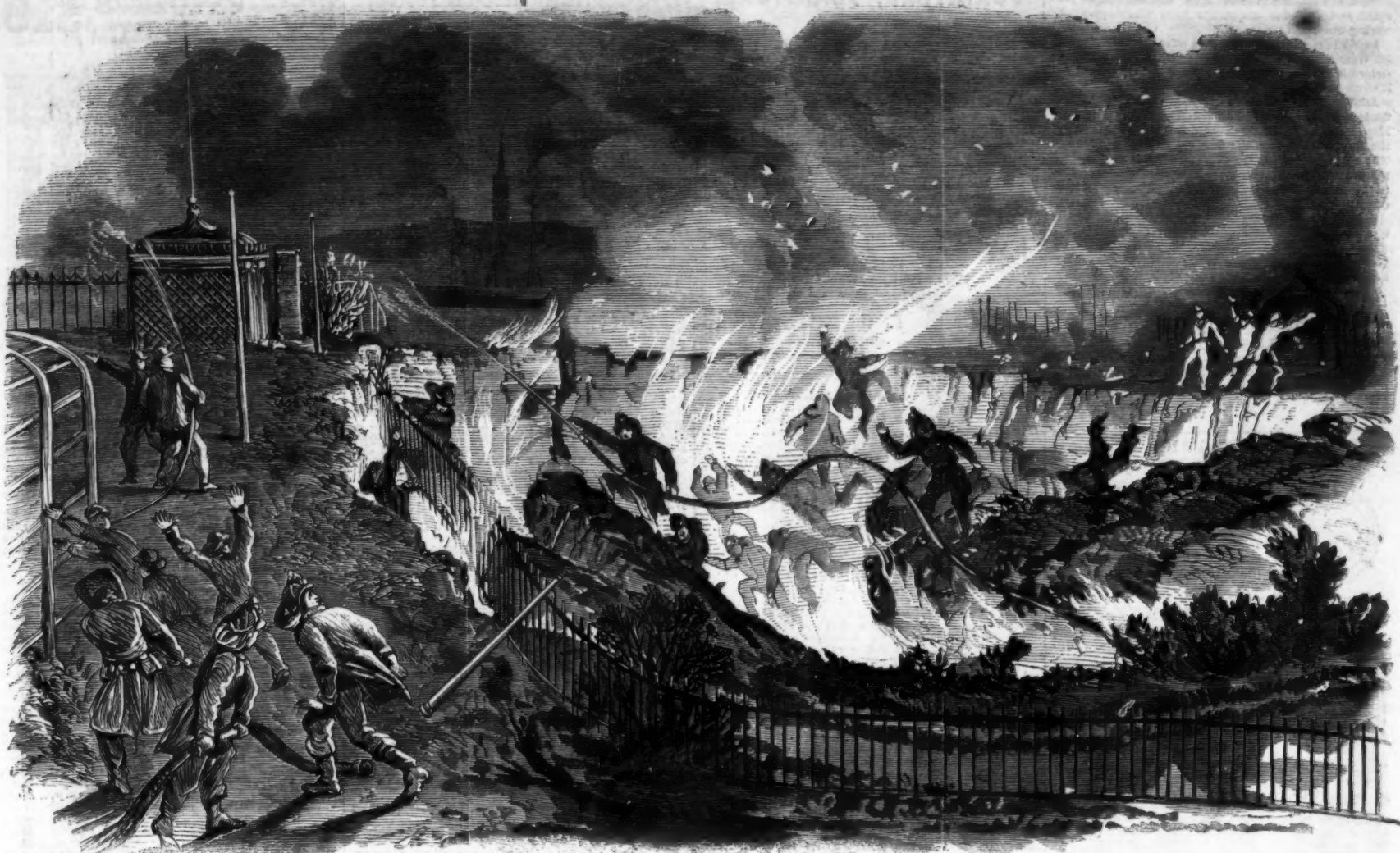
THERE is a matter which greatly interests many people—it is the consequences of marriage between relations. All know the ideas that are commonly entertained on this subject, both in England and in France, but M. Voisin, of Batz, communicated to the last meeting of the Academy the results of 46 marriages contracted by cousins of different degrees, from which it appears that all these marriages have been fecund, that the offspring live and grow well developed and in good health—in fact, none of the evil consequences which have been ascribed to an intermarriage have been found to spring from these unions.



VIEW OF GOLDSBOROUGH, N. C.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.



VIEW OF BEAUFORT, N. C., THE MORNING AFTER THE BATTLE GREAT QUANTITIES OF BODIES FIRED BY THE REBELS.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.



HORRIBLE DEATH OF A NUMBER OF FIREMEN AT THE CONFLAGRATION ON FURMAN STREET, BROOKLYN, APRIL 4—THE ROOFS GIVING WAY AND PRECIPITATING THE VICTIMS AMONG THE RUINS OF THE WAREHOUSES UNDERNEATH.

GOLDSBORO, N. C.

THE stirring events of the last four years have called into importance many a place only known to its neighbors or found in the gazetteer. Among these is that of which we give a sketch on page 76. Goldsboro, a post village, is the capital of Wayne county, North Carolina, and is situated on the Neuse river, where it is crossed by the Wilmington and Weldon railroad, 60 miles south-east from Raleigh. It is a very modern town, the first house having been built in 1841. In 1848 it began to improve rapidly, until it was, at the breaking out of the present rebellion, one of the most flourishing towns in the State.

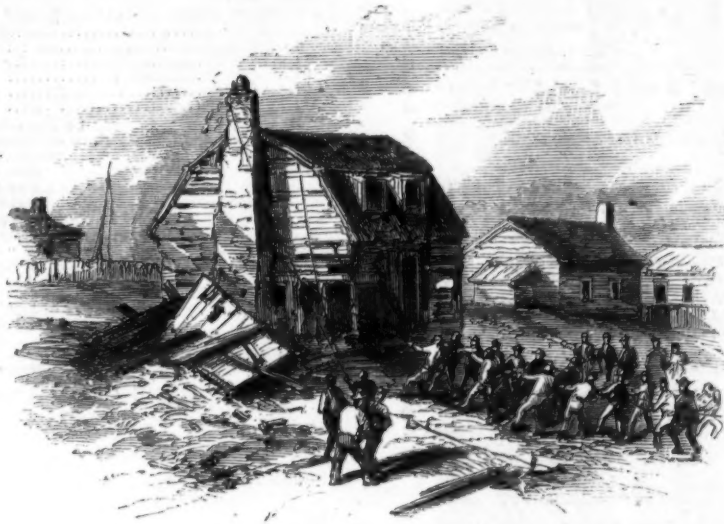
The public buildings are new, and remarkably handsome, while steam vessels can ascend to the city with perfect safety. It is the eastern terminus of the North Carolina railroad. Till recently it had three newspapers, and two excellent seminaries, one for males and the other for females. The latter edifice, the most prominent in the sketch we engrave, was used by the rebels, with its numerous outbuildings, as a hospital, and is still used by the 14th corps for that purpose. The courthouse of the town is seen a little to the left of the centre. Its population was about 3,000. It has recently been occupied by Gen. Sherman's army.

Bentonville, N. C.

This pretty and thriving little town is a post-office of Johnson county, and was the scene of a desperate struggle between a portion of Gen. Sherman's army and the rear of the rebel army on the 21st and 22d of March. Our Artist has given a spirited sketch of a brilliant dash upon the rebel army by a division of the 17th corps, commanded by Gen. Mower. Our Artist speaks with great admiration of the dogged valor of a rebel Captain, who refused to surrender his gun. A sharp encounter ensued between him and one of the Union soldiers, in which the unfortunate rebel got his brains dashed out with the butt end of a musket. The defeat of the rebels is very much attributed to the brilliant charge made upon the rebel lines, by which their right was flanked. When our troops entered it was found that the retreating rebels had fired a large quantity of resin and turpentine. The flames, were, however, subdued before all was destroyed.

PRESIDENT LINCOLN in Richmond.

THE 3d of April will be long remembered by the inhabitants of Richmond, for on that day President Lincoln entered the rebel capital, just vacated by the mock President Jeff Davis and his broken and dispirited army. Our Artist says: "The President looked pleased, but was evidently not quite recovered from his recent illness. His reception by the crowd was most enthusiastic; of course none of the prominent rebels were there, the assemblage being composed of about an equal proportion of the contraband race and the white. Richmond presents a most melancholy aspect, as so much of the city has been burnt. The principal business part of it is in ruins. There appears to be considerable difference of opinion by whose orders it was fired, one party openly denouncing Breckinridge for giving the order to apply the torch



SOLDIERS PULLING DOWN OLD HOUSE AT WILMINGTON, N. C., TO MAKE ROOM FOR THE LINE OF WORKS JUST CONSTRUCTED.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.

to all the tobacco warehouses as well as the public buildings; while others assert that he tried to avert the calamity. The balance of evidence, however, is against him. After President Lincoln had driven through the principal street, he proceeded to the deserted mansion of the arch-rebel and held a kind of extempore levee, the principal officers being introduced to him by Gen. Weitzel. This interesting ceremony being over, he entered a carriage and was driven through several portions of the city.

"He remarked to some gentlemen present that had he been in stronger health he would have raised the Stars and Stripes over the Capitol with his own hand."

The correspondent of the New York Tribune thus describes this interesting event: "President Lincoln's visit, coming so soon after the occupation, was a matter of intense interest to the entire population. Crowds—thousands—rushed out for a glimpse of his tall figure, as he walked into the city, attended by a few friends and an escort of a score or two of soldiers. The enthusiasm was, however, confined to the negroes, the foreigners, and exceptional Virginia-born citizens. But the joy of the negro knew no bounds. It found expression in whoops, in contortions, in tears, and incessantly in prayerful ejaculations of thanks. The President proceeded to Gen. Weitzel's headquarters, the late residence of Jeff Davis. I do not imagine he went there for the sake of any petty triumph, but simply because it was the headquarters of the General commanding. Many officers and citizens of Richmond came to pay their respects, after which he rode about the city. He slept on board one of the gunboats, and afterwards returned to City Point.

"Among the first to seek an interview with the President was Judge Campbell, one of the three Commissioners whom he met at Fortress Monroe. The interview lasted half an hour, and was followed by a second of longer duration the following day. It is known that Judge Campbell concedes the hopelessness of the rebellion, and is only striving for terms. To what extent he is authorized to act for Davis and Lee I do not know, nor is it known what was the President's response."

FIRE AND LOSS OF LIFE in Brooklyn.

On the 4th inst. a fire broke out in the building, No. 93 Furman street, Brooklyn, and extended to No. 95, entirely consuming the contents of both. These edifices were storerooms, and supported upon their roofs the "hanging gardens" of Brooklyn Heights. A number of firemen endeavored to attack the flames from above, going up the hill into these superincumbent gardens for the purpose, when the iron girders gave way from the heat, and five of the men were precipitated into the blazing ruins and burned to death. Four more were dangerously injured.

RECEPTION OF The News of the Fall of Richmond in New York.

As soon as the news of the evacuation of Petersburg and the occupation of Richmond by the Federal forces was received in this city, on the morning of the 3d April, a meeting was held on Wall street, in



BURNING OF A RESIN AND TURPENTINE SHED, BY SHERMAN'S ARMY, AT BENTONVILLE, MARCH 22.—ENGRAVED BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.

front of the Custom House. Hon. Simeon Draper presided, and read the dispatches from Washington conveying the intelligence.

Patriotic resolutions were then offered by Mr. Prosper M. Wetmore, and adopted with enthusiasm, and it was determined to celebrate the great event in a more deliberate and adequate manner at an early date.

Addresses were also made by Judge Dean, L. E. Chittenden, of the United States Treasury, Peter Cooper, Esq., George Francis Train, Esq., S. B. Chittenden, Esq., the Hon. E. O. Perrin, the Rev. W. H. Boole and others. The speech of Mr. L. E. Chittenden, late Registrar of the U. S. Treasury, appeared to be especially comfortable to the crowd, having reference to the authentic value of our national currency.

The meeting adjourned at three o'clock, with the singing of the doxology, in which the crowd joined.

The Post-Office was decorated with flags, and had a poster put up, on which was printed the following notice:

MAILS FOR RICHMOND WILL CLOSE

ON

ORDERS FROM GEN. GRANT.

Salutes were fired in the City Hall Park and in front of the New England Rooms, No. 191 Broadway.

In the evening a number of buildings were illuminated, among them being the New York Times and Tribune buildings, Tammany Hall and Barnum's Museum.

OFFICERS, SOLDIERS AND CITIZENS!

Genuine Gold Rings.

All the Army Corps Rings in 16 Karat Gold, richly Enamelled (Stamped and Warranted) at \$3 and \$5 each; also, 100 other styles of every size—Plain, Enamel and Fancy—at from \$2 to \$10 each. Sent by mail. Send stamp for Circular. Address E. P. BEACH, 12 Maiden Lane, N. Y.

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The Cheapest and Best Albums, holding 24 PICTURES for 75 CENTS. Albums of all descriptions from 50 cents to \$50, sent free by mail or express, on receipt of price.

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102 Centre St., N. Y.

HOW ALL MAY MARRY.

Courtship Made Easy. New Edition—Illustrated. Treating on "Psychologic Fascination," showing how any person of either sex can fascinate, win the undying love, and marry any person they wish, irrespective of age or personal appearance. Sent by mail for 50 cents, by E. D. LOCKE & CO., Box 1825, Portland, Maine. 498-502

Look Here, Boys!

My Golden Compound will force the Beard to grow on the smoothest face in 21 days or money refunded in every case. Price \$1, or three packages for \$2, by mail. 498-506 Address DR. FRANKLIN, Calhoun, Ill.

\$8 "Officer's Watch." \$10

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CREAT GIFT SALE

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Watches and Jewellery!

WORTH \$1,000,000!

CONSISTING OF

WATCHES, CHAINS, BRACELETS, SETS OF JEWELLERY, RINGS, LOCKETS, GOLD PENS, &c., &c.

All to be Sold at ONE DOLLAR EACH!

WITHOUT REGARD TO VALUE.

Certificates of the various articles are first put into envelopes, sealed up, and mixed; and when ordered, are taken out without regard to choice, and sent by mail, thus giving all a fair chance. On receipt of the Certificate, you will see what you have, and then it is at your option to send the Dollar and take the article or not. Purchasers may thus obtain a Gold Watch, Diamond Ring, or any set of Jewellery on our list, for \$1. Certificates forwarded by mail upon receipt of the price as follows:

5 Certificates.....	\$ 1 00
11 do	2 00
30 do with a premium Gold Pen 5 00	
65 do do do Sett of Jewelry 10 00	
100 do do do Watch.....	15 00

We will send one Certificate for 25 cents. In all cases the money must be sent with the order, and as there are no blanks, you are sure to get the worth of your money.

Agents wanted, to whom we offer liberal inducements. Address A. H. ROWEN & CO., 36 Beekman Street, N. Y.

Beauty.—Hunt's White Liquid Enamel. prepared by Madame Rachel Leveron, the celebrated Parisian Ladies' Enameler. It whitens the skin permanently, giving it a soft, satin-like texture, and imparts a freshness and transparency to the complexion which is quite natural, without injury to the skin. It is also warranted to remove Tan, Freckles, Pimples, Sunburn, etc. Sent by mail, free from observation, on receipt of price, 50 cents. Address HUNT & CO., FRUITERS, 133 South Seventh Street, and 41 South Eighth Street, Philadelphia.

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Young Man, would you sport a fine Beard or Moustache? If so, use the Parisian Compound, prepared by the celebrated Dr. De Ville, of Paris. Warranted to force a heavy growth of hair upon the smoothest face in six weeks without stain or injury to the skin. Sent, postpaid, to any address on receipt of \$1. Address S. S. CHASE, Cohoes, N. Y. P. O. Drawer, 369

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Also, CANE and WOOD SEAT work, all qualities; HAIR, HUSK and SPRING MATTRESSES, a large stock ENAMELLED CHAMBER FURNITURE, in Sets, from \$22 to \$100.

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Their facilities for manufacturing defy competition. All work guaranteed as represented.

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1000 Canary Color Letter Envelopes, extra thick.....	4 00
1000 White Envelopes, double thick.....	5 00
One Ream super thick Note Paper.....	5 00
One Ream first-class double thick Note Paper.....	4 50
One box (250) new style Magenta Envelopes.....	2 00

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Removes Pimples on the Face, Freckles, &c. It also softens the skin and beautifies the complexion. No toilet is complete without it. Price 50 cts. Mailed to any address for 75 cts., by S. C. UPHAM, 25 South Eighth street, Philadelphia, Pa. 498-510

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These Notes are issued under date of June 15th, 1885, and are payable three years from that time, in currency, or are convertible at the option of the holder into

U. S. 5-20 Six per cent.

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These bonds are worth a premium which increases the actual profit on the 7-30 loan, and its exemption from State and municipal taxation adds from one to three per cent. more, according to the rate levied on other property. The interest is payable in currency semi-annually by coupons attached to each note, which may be cut off and sold to any bank or banker.

The interest amounts to

One cent per day on a \$50 note.	
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Ten " " " " \$500 "	
30 " " " " \$1,000 "	
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Notes of all the denominations named will be promptly furnished upon receipt of subscriptions, and the notes forwarded at once. The interest to 15th June next will be paid in advance. This is

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66 do	10 00
100 do	15 00

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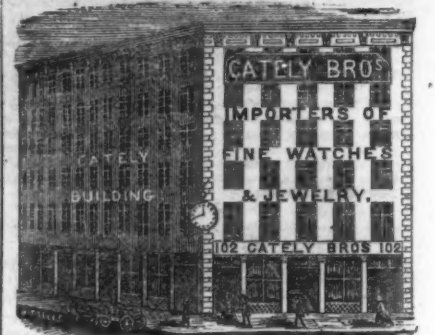
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In consequence of the great stagnation of trade in the
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having cut off the supply of cotton, a large quantity of
Valuable Jewellery, originally intended for the English
market, has been sent off for sale in this country, and
MUST BE SOLD AT ANY SACRIFICE!

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CERTIFICATES of the various articles are first put into
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are taken out without regard to choice, and sent by mail,
thus giving all a fair chance.

On receipt of the Certificate, you will see what you
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In all transactions by mail, we shall charge for for-
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One Dollar. Agents will collect 25 cents by every Cer-
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satisfied with the article, which will certainly be worth
more than that amount, and may be \$50 or \$100. An
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Times, New York City, Feb. 19, 1865.

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known to us, and we believe them to be every way
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silver-plate, and understand that the whole of these
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vantages must be on the side of the customer, for he
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very successful in this way, not only filling her own
purses, but also in doing a good turn to those to whom
she sold the Certificates, as will be seen from our advertis-
ing columns. Gentlemen can also be thus engaged.—
New York Sunday Mercury, Aug. 14, 1864.

In our columns the reader will find an advertisement
of Arrandale & Co.'s Gift Distribution of watches,
jewellery and silver-ware. In payment of that advertise-
ment we received several sets of the jewellery advertised,
and we are warranted in saying that, both in finish and
quality, they quite exceeded our expectations. They
turned out to be just what they had been represented.—
True Democrat (Leicester), Aug. 17, 1864.

The British Whig of Kingston, C. W., says, Nov. 26,
1864, one of our lady subscribers became an agent for
Arrandale & Co., and by request brought some 20
articles, sent as prizes for her agency, to this office for
inspection, and without hesitation we can state that
each and all of the articles were worth treble the
amount of cost to the recipients, and some of them
six times.

A CHANCE FOR YOU

To get a Fine Watch or some Fine Piece
of Jewellery or Silver Ware, at a cost
of ONLY ONE DOLLAR!

The Rich and Poor Treated Alike.

95,000
Watches, Chains, Sets of Jewellery, Dia-
monds, Gold Pens and Cases,
Lockets, &c., &c., &c.

TO BE SOLD FOR
95,000 DOLLARS
AND VALUED AT
750,000 DOLLARS!

We shall sell all these articles at ONE DOLLAR each,
without regard to cost, and in no case to be paid for
until you know what you are to get.

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100 Gold Watches..... 65 00
200 Gold Ladies' Watches..... 35 00
500 Silver Ladies' Watches..... 20 00
500 Assorted Diamonds, Pins, Rings
and Sets, from..... \$20 00 to 100 00
500 Guard, Vest and Chatelain Chains..... 10 00 to 20 00
1000 Silver Open Face Watches..... 15 00 to 20 00
5000 Vest, Neck and Guard Chains..... 5 00 to 15 00
3000 Mosaic and Jet Revolving Brooches..... 4 00 to 7 00
3000 Lava and Florentine Brooches..... 4 00 to 7 00
3000 Coral, Emerald and Opal Brooches..... 4 00 to 7 00
3000 Gold Pens, Extension Silver Cases..... 5 00 to 10 00
5000 Gold Pens, with Silver Mounted
Holders..... 5 00 to 10 00
3000 Coral, Emerald and Opal Ear Drops..... 4 00 to 7 00
9000 Mosaic, Cameo and Band Bracelets..... 2 00 to 10 00
4000 Gents' Breastpins and Watch Keys..... 2 00 to 8 00
3000 Miscellaneous Articles..... 2 00 to 7 00
3000 Sets of Bosom Studs..... 2 50 to 7 00
5000 Sleeve Buttons..... 2 50 to 7 00
5000 Plain and Stone Set Rings..... 2 00 to 15 00
7000 Lockets..... 3 00 to 15 00
7000 Sets of Ladies' Jewellery..... 3 00 to 15 00
5000 Ladies' Belt Buckles..... 5 00 to 15 00
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3000 Ladies' Hair Balls..... 5 00 to 10 00
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SINGLE CERTIFICATES 20 CENTS EACH.
We shall sell all the above goods at \$1 each; 95,000 Cer-
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We shall charge in all transactions by mail 20 cents
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Price, by mail, \$1. Warranted. Address
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MY OUNGENT will force them to grow heavily in
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A Splendid Gold-Plated Watch, Lever Cap, Small Size,
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That will Curl the most stubborn hair into Wavy Ring-
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